

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OR
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,809, Vol. 69.

June 28, 1890.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

CHRONICLE.

IN the House of Lords on *Friday* week in Parliament, the Select Committee on the Children's Insurance Bill introduced by the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH was nominated, and a return of the public money spent last year on education was ordered. The House of Commons was provided by the Metropolitan Police vote with the opportunity for a field night on the recent disputes between the HOME SECRETARY and the late Chief Commissioner. Interest as to these had already been whetted by the announcement of the appointment—a very excellent one—of Sir EDWARD BRADFORD to the place vacated by Mr. MONRO. The Opposition in some remarks on Sir EDWARD showed once more that its notions of fame are bounded to that obtained in Dissenting pulpits, by services to caucuses in England and cattle-maiming in Ireland, or else on the gutter press. To those whose horizon is not thus limited the new Commissioner, who has begun with wise firmness, and at the same time with every disposition to listen to legitimate grievances, is known to have had exceptional opportunities, and to have used them exceptionally well. In the more regular discussion the only noticeable thing was Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's announcement of the last price he has paid for an off-chance of the succession to the premiership; to wit, an expression of his willingness to put the police of London under the control of a body which does include Mr. JOHN BURNS, and might include Mr. FRANK BYRNE. Some conversation also took place on the Anglo-German agreement.

Monday night brought little comfort to those who would fain see the Government display in their home policy and their conduct of Parliamentary affairs something of the ability which marks their foreign and Irish policy. The hopeless muddle of the Local Taxation Bill was made more hopeless by a concession which might not have been a bad thing in itself—the subjecting of the Compensation Clauses to the future decision of Parliament on the whole subject. If this was the result of conviction, it was too late; if it was intended to propitiate the Opposition, it had—as, indeed, everybody must have anticipated—the same effect as the traditional child thrown to the wolves; if it was simply meant to lighten the task of getting business through, it may be said to have been equally futile; and twenty-four hours showed that it had a fatal defect besides all these. There was afterwards some discussion on the proposal to hang up Bills, and some more on the mutilated body of the Local Taxation Bill itself. It is impossible that any man can be so dull as Mr. WHITBREAD would appear to be from his speeches, and there was, therefore, probably some occult meaning in the way in which that constitutional apron of the Opposition agitated its strings over the suspension proposals; but Mr. GLADSTONE had the intelligence not to oppose them. On the same day the House of Lords witnessed the taking of his seat by the Duke of CLARENCE (it may be suggested that "and AVONDALE," while admitted in the most handsome way, be taken as written and spoken on most occasions), and talked a little about a proposal, more ingenious than sensible, of Lord RIBBLESDALE's for enforcing the attendance of its members. Mr. CAINE has taken the eccentric and ill-advised step of resigning his seat for Barrow in order to contest it again, and to give his constituents a chance of pronouncing on his conduct as to the Local Taxation Bill. This would be all very well if politics were merely a game; it is not so well when the object of them is the government of the country. Mr. CAINE's whole position is, indeed, not easy to understand, for by his own accounts (or one of them) he does not wish to abandon the Union, while by another he wishes to do all he can to put the Unionist Government out and the Home

Rule party in. That is to say, it is the old story of a man subordinating public interests to private fads, and (in this particular instance) to the desire, which can hardly be called a fad, to rob some one he does not like. The Gladstonians of Barrow do not quite "see" this double entity of Mr. CAINE, and are running their own man, who was prepared to oppose him; while the Conservatives have very properly started a candidate, and it would seem a good one. If they mean fighting, and all three go to the poll, the right man should win; and if he does not, it really matters very little whether Mr. CAINE or Mr. DUNCAN prevails.

The only Nemesis that cannot be propitiated—the Nemesis of men's own folly—came heavily upon the Government once more on *Tuesday*; the SPEAKER (whom nothing could have hindered their consulting earlier) declaring that the proposed ear-marking without appropriation of the money allotted by the Budget Bill was, if not positively unconstitutional, at any rate without precedent. Mr. SMITH had accordingly, after consultation with his colleagues, to announce a further delay for the Government to consider its plans. On the same day the Burnley Rectory Bill, after some of the usual profligate Liberationist opposition, not to the measure as such but to anything calculated to strengthen the Church, was read a second time by 172 to 131, and referred to a Select Committee, the object being the allotment of the surplus revenues of that rich living to a much wanted suffragan bishopric. Mr. LABOUCHERE procured from Ministers an acknowledgment that the Northampton magistrates had been probably over-zealous in proclaiming a meeting in the market-place. Mr. RITCHIE's Bill for the Amendment of the Housing of the Working Classes Acts was received graciously, and read a second time; and an hour was spent on an instruction of Mr. WHITMORE's relating to the Electoral Disabilities Bill. In the House of Lords some discussion took place on the powers of local authorities; and Lord SALISBURY pronounced the dictum, worthy of his greatest ancestor, that a "Sultanate bears the same relation to a Sultan that a 'monarchy does to a monarch."

On *Wednesday* there was respite from the enormous muddle of Government Bills. The report stage of the Directors' Liability Bill was finished, Mr. HEALY exhibiting either a most astonishing anxiety that members of Parliament should not be mixed up with shady financial transactions, or else perhaps merely a laudable desire to keep his obstructive hand in. To this succeeded, after some smaller measures, the Hares' Preservation Bill, which was opposed by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT (who seemed to take it as an attempt to upset his one legislative achievement), by Mr. ESSLEMONT, and by other similar persons, in so desultory and suspicious a manner that Mr. COURTYNE, grudging as he is in permitting the application of the Closure, had to allow it at last. Yet the purpose of the Obstructives was sufficiently answered, for the debate had to be adjourned before the discussion was finished. During this discussion a sharp altercation arose between the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and the member for Derby, in which Sir RICHARD declined positively to accept a disclaimer of having said something from Sir WILLIAM. This passage of arms was followed by a still sharper one of letters in the *Times*, in which the two combatants exchanged language very rarely used in English political controversy. We are bound to say that, as far as the discussion has gone, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL seems to have made out, not only the charge of incorrect denial, but also that of subsequent garbling in order to support it. But more should, and indeed must, be heard of this. These matters might almost be called non-political; but there was a little political speaking outside by Lord MORRIS at the Cecil Club Dinner, by the LORD CHANCELLOR at that of

the Conservative Club, and by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON—who made a not bad best of that exceedingly bad business, the Government mismanagement in the Commons—at Bristol.

Discussion took place in the House of Lords on *Thursday* on the subject of the cholera in Spain and the precautions to be taken. The outbreak, as far as it is possible to check accounts, does not seem to be a very severe one, though travellers arriving in France from the peninsula are experiencing no small severity of quarantine. In the Commons Mr. SMITH pronounced the expected, and probably by few regretted, doom of the Compensation Clauses, but without being able to announce what the Government intended to do with the money which has been, or rather is to be, extracted from the patient taxpayer for a reasonable purpose, and has now to be frittered away on any makeshift that will do to spend money on. And so another act of the new and original drama, "How to squander a surplus and a majority at the same time," came to an end. A petition, signed by the enormous number of 600,000 persons, had been presented in favour of the Bill—an idle function indeed. On the same day the Overhead Wires Bill was rejected by a close division—203 to 200; the Allotments Act Amendment Bill was considered as amended, and read a third time; the Barracks Bill passed through Committee, and then a fight began about the Western Australia Bill. There is a great deal of cross-opinion on this Bill, but as the Government and the Opposition leaders were practically agreed about it, the divisions went heavily in its favour, though no great progress was made.

Foreign Affairs. At the end of last week general foreign opinion endorsed the approval of Lord SALISBURY's bargain. It was announced on Saturday that the

French Government intends to continue its policy of declining to permit the allotment of Egyptian savings for the benefit of the Egyptians, so that "French taxes" will still be collected, and Egypt will have to look to herself in another and well-understood fashion; and that the Bulgarian Court of Cassation had come to a finding in the PANITZA business which practically endorses both sentences and recommendations to mercy. The promised discussion on the Anglo-German agreement came off in the French Chamber on Saturday, M. RIBOT blocking M. DELONCLE's interpolation ingeniously. And, indeed, if we are to go back to the status of 1862 (the latest date preferred by the French is 1844), very many things will have to happen. M. DELONCLE was followed by others, who "wanted to know," but did not receive much knowledge. Meanwhile, Mr. STANLEY has once more blessed Lord SALISBURY, and various documents with various signatures in various countries have shown how good the agreement is.—It would be easy to attach too much importance to the demand for the recognition of Prince FERDINAND which M. STAMBOULOFF has addressed to the Porte, though it may be very important. The fate of such things generally depends more on outside circumstances and the course of events than on anything else, and time only can show whether this demand is merely a *riposte* for the Russian intrigue in the PANITZA matter or a serious step.

A "Luxem- Mr. TATE, who recently offered a large and **bourg"** for rather miscellaneous gallery of modern English pictures to the nation, and was refused for want of room, and perhaps other reasons, has again approached the Government with a selection of some fifty canvases, which he once more offers on certain conditions. The conditions, which are under discussion, are a little onerous and the selection is still a little promiscuous, but it will be impossible not to feel regret if some means is not found of securing a collection which includes Sir JOHN MILLAIS's "Vale of Rest," and other pictures not much inferior, for a country which possesses hardly any examples of its most distinguished art for the last third of a century.

Sport. An exceedingly good Ascot meeting was wound up on Friday week by a specially interesting day's racing, General BYRNE's four-year-old Amphon giving the Derby winner 16 lbs. and a beating in the Hardwicke Stakes, wherein Surefoot ran third, Mr. FENWICK's Day Dawn taking the Wokingham Stakes against a very large field, Netheravon winning the long distance Alexandra Plate, Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD's two-year-old Bumptious upsetting divers old horses of merit for the Queen's Stand Plate, and the Duke of WESTMINSTER's Blue Green winning the Triennial Stakes. During the present week Mr. LOWTHER's Houndsditch won

the Northumberland Plate; while at the always agreeable Stockbridge Meeting on Wednesday the Andover Stakes, for gentlemen riders, went to Sir W. THROCKMORTON's Balderdash, the Foal Stakes to the Duke of WESTMINSTER's Adieu, and the Stockbridge Cup to Mr. ABINGTON's Juggler. On Thursday Mr. LOWTHER's Cleator won the Seaton Delaval Plate from a large field at Newcastle; while at Stockbridge Mr. BRODRICK-CLOETE's Cereza carried off the Hurstbourne Stakes, and Lord DURHAM won an owners-up match (a thing which has too much gone out of late) with Lord HENRY VANE TEMPEST.—Some very interesting cricket matches were finished last Saturday, the Players beating the Australians by an innings and 263 runs, principally in consequence of GUNN's magnificent score of 228. Cambridge University also beat Sussex, scoring in one innings the "record" total of 703. In the early part of the present week—the trial week for the University match—Cambridge was beaten by a strong Marylebone team, while Oxford beat, less decisively than Cambridge had done a few days before, a much weaker Sussex eleven. The ground was less easy, and the best Oxford bowler, Mr. BERKELEY, was still absent, but the "line" given by these matches is still favourable to Cambridge, and has been maintained by the earlier part of the Oxford match with M.C.C. On Wednesday Yorkshire for the second time beat the Australians.

Miscellaneous. The Duke and Duchess of CONNAUGHT, who have been winning golden opinions in various parts of HER MAJESTY's Empire, landed at Liverpool on Sunday morning.—The Royal Agricultural Society has been holding its annual show at Plymouth during the week with, on the whole, good success.—A meeting of great importance took place at the United Service Institution on Friday week, at which Lord WOLSELEY presided and Mr. FINDLAY, of the London and North-Western Railway, lectured on the connexion of railways with national defence.—It has been announced, and every one who is acquainted with the subject will hope that it is true, that Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS has accepted the continuance of his command in India for two years.—Four Bishops—those of BANGOR, of ST. ALBANS, of SYDNEY, and the Bishop-Suffragan of SWANSEA—were consecrated at St. Paul's on Tuesday.—On the same day the *Antigone* was acted in Greek and in a theatre arranged out of a chalk-pit, in imitation of the original, at Bradfield College, near Reading. "Incense," we are told, "was burnt on the altar throughout the performance." This should be looked into by the Protestant Alliance, or the Bishop of OXFORD, or somebody. Burning incense to DIONYSUS—which is what it comes to—is precisely what the early Christians were themselves burnt for refusing to do. The Arcueil festival, which brought RONSARD and his friends to such trouble, was a joke to this.—On Wednesday Mr. STANLEY received his degree at Oxford with the usual honours and the usual noise.—Very unsettled and stormy weather of one kind and another has prevailed during the week, and on Thursday morning divers shipwrecks, with some loss of life, were reported as due to gales in this place and to fogs in that.—On Thursday, in the important case of GIBBS & Sons v. La Société des Métaux, the Court of Appeal upheld the judgment of Mr. Justice STEPHEN for the plaintiffs.—During the week the Princess CHRISTIAN made an appeal, which well deserves support, in favour of the Nurses' Holiday Fund, Lord ROSEBERY opened the new Park at Dulwich, and the affairs of SAMUEL ALLSOOP & Sons have been the subject of much correspondence and a very stormy meeting.

Obituary. Major-General CHARLES BRACKENBURY, an officer not so well known as his namesake and kinsman, but still distinguished both for active service and at desk-work, died of apoplexy while travelling by railway on Friday week. Another serious loss to the country is the death of Mr. EDWARD COLBORNE BABER, whose services in China and on the Indo-Chinese frontier have been of the very first importance. On the same day the death of Mr. SODEN SMITH, the Keeper of the Art Library at South Kensington, was reported. The death of the Earl of STAMFORD is announced from Capetown. He had taken no part in politics, and had succeeded but a few years ago to a title shorn of its material advantages, but still a famous one in English history. Mr. CHARLES CROMPTON was a very well-known man, a lawyer of some distinction, and possessed of a good deal of ability in most matters save politics proper. Admiral JOHN WARD,

the son of an exceedingly gallant officer of the same rank, who fought through the great war, had more to do than any one else with the success of the National Lifeboat Institution, of which for thirty years he was the guiding spirit.

There have appeared during the week among Books, &c. noticeable books a Life of the late Mr. MACKNOCHIE, by "E. A. T." (PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER, & Co.); two volumes of Essays, by Mr. J. A. SYMONDS (CHAPMAN & HALL), and a Bible, issued on a new plan, by Mr. FROWDE, of the Oxford Press Warehouse, and called the "Church Lessons Bible." This appears in two forms—one in limp morocco, and very handsome; the other, cheaply printed for the S.P.C.K., in strong leather. Both have the lessons, according to the revised lectionary, marked in bold type, and include, as well as the whole of the Old and New Testaments, the lessons from the Apocrypha. It is only a pity that the whimsies of modern reformers should have excluded the whole of the latter book, which contains some of the most admirable literature in the world.

THE GOVERNMENT AND PUBLIC BUSINESS.

IF we do not feel disposed to swell the chorus of objurgations with which Ministers are just now being assailed in respect of their alleged mismanagement of public business, we cannot unfortunately trace that reluctance to any very much more favourable view either of Ministerial performances or of Ministerial prospects. No doubt the outcry against them is exaggerated. No doubt the voices of the "prophets after the event"—a much larger, if a less goodly, fellowship than is formed by the other variety—are somewhat ridiculously loud and persistent; and it certainly is difficult to persuade ourselves that some of the loudest among them at this moment were not making themselves heard—though this, of course, may be a confusion in our own memory—in a strangely different strain, when the Local Taxation Bill was introduced. But be that as it may—let it be granted that the greater number of these vociferant persons are merely making the discovery that nothing fails like failure, and fancying that they recognized failure before it failed, the fact still remains that between the date to which these prophets imaginatively refer back their predictions and the period which we have now reached the Government have had many opportunities of perceiving that "the event" was inevitably tending to raise up a whole school of such seers around them, and that while they themselves had control of that event, they ought to exercise it to deprive prophecy of the historical material which was so rapidly accumulating for its use. Absurdly overdone, in other words, as may be the I-told-you-so moralizing of Ministerial journals, and preposterous as is the pretence that they and every one else foresaw the actual result of attempting to pass the licensing provisions embodied in the Local Taxation Bill, there are still, unfortunately, two perfectly true things which may be said about that result, either of which things would convict the Government of Parliamentary mismanagement, while both together bring home this charge to them in a graver form than any loyal Unionist can find it at all agreeable to contemplate. The first of these two "own true" things is this—that, though it might not have been possible to foresee the dimensions of the difficulty before them at the time the Local Taxation Bill was introduced, provision and provision were alike possible at a much earlier date than that at which these operations were performed. The second and the more damaging truth is that for some—for much—of this difficulty the counsels of the Government themselves, their attitude towards their adversaries, towards their followers, towards their Bill itself, must be fairly held responsible.

From first to last, in short, their tactics have been those of men who are divided between their desires, or the desires of some of them, and their apprehensions. They were obviously, and perhaps, though not so obviously, for sufficient reasons, much set upon obtaining *hic et nunc* the assent of Parliament to their proposed arrangement with respect to the purchase and extinction of licences. All the while, however, and more conspicuously than ever towards the last, have they been disquieted by the opposition which these proposals were meeting with—not so much, we believe, by agitation outside Parliament as by obstruction within it, and by perpetual and harassing reflections on the amount of time which the conflict was consuming and the plight

in which it threatened to leave them as respects their other legislative engagements. Yet they have never been able to make up their minds either to advance or to recede; they have been, apparently, unable either to decide that the price of passing the Licensing Clauses this Session was worth paying, and that they must be vigorously pressed forward accordingly, or to come to the conclusion, after having counted the cost and found it too heavy, that they must be dropped for the Session as speedily, as decently, and with as much gain of time for the prosecution of other measures as possible. At one moment they have seemed all on the former tack, at another on the latter; and the hot and cold fits have alternated so visibly as to communicate themselves to the more wavering of their followers. Evidences of this vacillation have been frequent enough throughout, but by far the most astonishing proof of it was given in the statement made by the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY last Monday night. A proposal of compromise (for if not compromise it was nothing) more derisory than that put forward with all his usual business-like gravity by Mr. SMITH in that statement—an offer more certain to be rejected, and, we must add, to be rejected with every excuse of plausibility which logic could furnish to its rejectors, it would, we believe, have been impossible for the most perverted ingenuity to devise. What it tendered, in effect, to the opponents of the licensing clauses was the suggestion that they should agree to record their approval of a principle to which they profess the most vehement objection, the consideration for such agreement being that the Minister should desist from the attempt to give practical effect to that principle in the course of the year 1890. We feel quite sure that if a "compromise" framed on these lines were to be submitted to any member of the present Cabinet in connexion with any private dispute in which he might be engaged, he would find some difficulty in treating it as serious. Nobody will believe that such a proposal can possibly represent the spontaneous efforts of sixteen intelligent men to devise the best mode of conciliating the hostility of the Opposition to the Local Taxation Bill. Everybody will conclude that it was put forward, not because it was the best proposal that could be desired, but because it was the only proposal that could be agreed upon. And what this will be universally understood to mean is, that there is a party or a person in the Cabinet still so wedded, in spite of all that has passed, to the design of procuring a Parliamentary affirmation of the licence purchase policy during the present session, that the consent of the whole body could not be obtained to any so-called "compromise" which did not purport to pledge the House of Commons to that principle, while withdrawing the demand upon them to give immediate effect to it.

It adds a final touch of humiliation to the whole business that the irregularity of the position thus created should have fallen to that stern guardian of constitutional propriety, Mr. HEALY, to point out. We dare say the SPEAKER's decision on the point—a decision in which other high and learned authorities are said to concur—is a correct one; but, in any case, the point is not one which Ministers were in a position to argue with effect. The dilemma, in fact, with which they are confronted was complete. Either the "earmarking" of the new taxes as money allocated to the purchase and extinction of licences amounted to an "appropriation" of that fund in the full constitutional sense of the term, or it did not. If it did not, Mr. HEALY's objection was fatal. If it did, the fictitious character of the compromise offered by the Government becomes more patent than ever, and the opponents of the Bill would have had still more reason to protest that, under pretence of postponing the provisions to which they object, the Government were still insisting on their acceptance. Mr. SMITH's announcement, therefore, last Thursday night, of their definitive withdrawal was simply the recognition of a logical, as well as of a practical, necessity. On the rest of the statement there is nothing to be said with advantage at the present moment. Mr. GLADSTONE's endeavour to extract a revised statement with respect to public business from the leader of the House was clearly premature, and satisfaction of the demand could hardly have been expected. Men who have only just extricated themselves from a grave difficulty created by, among other causes, an undue multiplication of pledges and engagements, are not likely to set to work at once and construct an entirely new programme out of hand. The FIRST LORD of the TREASURY acted wisely in declining to give any undertaking even with regard to the

Tithes Bill. A batch of minor measures should be got out of the way, and some progress made in overtaking the arrears of Supply, before any definite arrangements are announced with regard to this measure. There is, however, no reason to despair just yet of its being passed this present Session. The suspension of the Land Purchase Bill will make an immense difference to the Ministerial programme, as it originally stood, and if the Government display due tact and firmness in winding up the rest of their financial business, they need not despair of getting the Tithes Bill through Parliament before the recess.

THE AFFAIR OF VICQ.

THE affair of Vicq, although it has been hotly discussed in the French papers, and even in the Chamber, has not been much noticed among us. Perhaps we have too many pressing matters of our own to look after. And yet it is not unimportant even to us, for it is one more proof that the France of the Third Republic is the same old France it always was. Particularly it proves that the Republican wisdom and moderation which were born of fear of General BOULANGER have disappeared with that pretender. The old anti-Clerical bigotry has revived, and the Government, egged on by the Radicals, has returned to the courses which have already brought the Republic to within touch of destruction. The story of Vicq might almost be told in the words of PAUL LOUIS COURIER's *Pétition aux Deux Chambres*, so old is it. The village of Vicq possesses—or, rather, possessed—a school which, a rather rare thing in modern France, was a private foundation. A former curé had left some property to be devoted to the support of a girls' school. The pious founder had very naturally stipulated that the teaching should be in religious hands. His statutes—if they may be called so—had been duly observed until recently. The people of Vicq seemed to have been proud of their school; in any case, they were perfectly well satisfied with it, and with the teaching supplied in it to their children. The zeal of the Radicals also had passed it over, and had forborne to laicize this centre of Clerical corruption.

A short time ago the head teacher died, and hereupon the Prefect—an orthodox Radical, no doubt—saw an opportunity for applying sound principles. It was decided that the last *loi scolaire*—the corner-stone of the Republic—must be acted on. A lay teacher must be put at the head of the foundation. The decision was utterly offensive to the municipality of Vicq and to the inhabitants. They protested, and the unofficial among them went so far as to actually oppose the entry of the lay teacher. Reports differ as to the details of the resistance; but enough was offered to persuade the authorities that strong measures must be taken. Gendarmes were collected on horseback and on foot. They marched to Vicq. They put their horses up at the inn, all except two, which were ridden in front of the column by stern-faced men, sabre in hand; this was to cover the flank, and so protect *secundum artem* the column of infantry which marched behind sword in hand also, with the lay schoolmistress in the middle. The force advanced on the school; a parley followed; one of the assistant school-teachers, a Sister, conducted the capitulation. A gendarme finally got in through a window, removed a barricade from behind the door, and so the lay schoolmistress was duly put in authority over the little girls of Vicq at the point of the sword. Really the story has a by no means remote likeness to those events in the village of Luynes which have been recorded, more or less honestly, in the pamphlet by P. L. COURIER, named above. In due course the affair of Vicq came to be discussed in the Chamber. The Conservatives very properly took the opportunity to protest, and a certain number of the moderate Republicans joined with them in condemning a very brutal and unnecessary application of the letter of the law. The result of the discussion, however, was that the Ministry received the support of a majority of 116. The argument used by the Ministry of M. RIBOT was very simple. It was that the School Law left them no alternative, and they even said that the Republic had been very long-suffering to have endured the anomaly at Vicq for as long as it had. The contention is disputed, even by many Republicans; but it has a certain force. A law is a law, and should be enforced. But the soundness of their theory, though it may excuse the individual Ministers, is of no avail for the Republic. On the showing of these

politicians themselves, the Government of which they are the leaders must needs be odious to a large minority of Frenchmen. It has made laws which were designed to be vindictive, and it must apply them. There can be but one result to this necessity. The hatred which is already felt for the Republic will be maintained, if not intensified. For the rest, it is perfectly well known that in this matter the Ministry has acted on the impulse of the Radicals, whom it had been found necessary to conciliate. Now the conciliation of Radicals always has meant and will mean insult and injury to a great mass of Frenchmen. It nearly proved the ruin of the Third Republic two years ago. When we find it again practised by Ministers, and again leading to the same stamp of measures, it is reasonable to conclude that it will produce similar results.

PUBLIC v. PRIVATE ASYLUMS.

M R. DISRAELI used to say that there was always a Bankruptcy Bill. It is still true; and it might be affirmed with almost equal accuracy that there is always a Lunacy Bill. Most of these Bills only purport to consolidate the law, and few of them ever pass. Meanwhile, the administration of the lunacy laws as they exist is far from satisfactory, and it is time that Parliament should make up its mind on the principle which should govern the care of the insane. Mr. HERBERT SPENCER would, we presume, maintain that the business should, like everything else, be left to competition, since by that method success would inevitably fall to those best qualified for the functions they sought to discharge. The opposite theory, of course, is that the State should take the whole matter into its own hands, and that private asylums should be prohibited altogether. Modern practice, unfortunately for Mr. SPENCER but conformably with general experience, is altogether inconsistent with his theory, and tends distinctly to the enforcement of public control. It has been said that private asylums rest upon an "ill-omened union of medicine with hotel-keeping," and there is some truth in the remark. For, whereas nobody has the slightest interest in retaining the inmates of Bethlehem or Colney Hatch, the keeper of a private asylum, especially if it be not a very good one, prefers a patient securely on hand to a possible successor in the dim and distant future. Here, as in the case of children's insurance—of which we spoke last week—there is a distinct motive to misconduct; and, while nine people out of every ten who feel it may resist it, it is still there, recognized and sanctioned by the law. Of course every asylum, private as well as public, is subject to official supervision. They are all licensed, and they are all visited by the Commissioners in Lunacy. But the Commissioners in Lunacy are overworked. There are not enough of them, and the traditions of their office date from a time when the treatment of lunatics was neither so humane nor so rational as it is now. One well-known case, and all its accompanying litigation, frightened the doctors, frightened even the police, and made it extremely difficult to get the most dangerous madman locked up. The consequences of mistake were felt to be so tremendous that it was better to run the risk of doing nothing at all. We do not deny that this undoubtedly evil had its compensating advantages. There was something frightful in the facility with which certificates of lunacy could in former days be procured by persons interested in keeping the alleged lunatic out of the way. There ought to be some difficulty in depriving any one of his liberty. But, if the difficulty is made insuperable, society suffers.

In an article which Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL has contributed to the *County Magazine* he tells a curious and interesting story. "A few years ago," he says, "a patient died of 'broken ribs in a cheap private asylum in London. From 'the evidence at the inquest I was led to believe that he 'had been murdered by his keeper. I went to the Lunacy 'Commissioners to inquire into the matter. I was met by 'a simple denial of the fact. No such death, I was told, 'had taken place. I was rather staggered; but happily I 'had full reliance on my memory, so I went home and 'hunted the occurrence up in the newspapers of the date. 'Then it appeared that the Commissioners had investigated 'the case and had satisfied themselves that the unhappy 'patient had not been murdered by his keeper, but being 'locked up alone in the dark at night, and being frantically

"afraid of the darkness, had been allowed to batter himself "to pieces against the door of his cell." This explanation seemed perfectly satisfactory to the Commissioners. It is a strange account, on the face of it. But, accepting it as strictly accurate, what a flood of light it throws upon the possible management of a public asylum! We must remember that there are many sorts of these institutions, and that they vary in quality according to the amount paid by those confined in them. Rich people and people with rich reversions are more likely to be improperly detained. But when they are actually in custody they have more chance of being well treated than the poor, and their lives are better worth preserving. The old view, whether plainly expressed or darkly hinted was, that if a lunatic died it was a happy release for him and a blessed deliverance for everybody else. This important qualification of the sixth commandment has been tacitly abandoned. Yet it would still be denied by respectable persons, perhaps by Lunacy Commissioners, that the inmate of a cheap asylum could expect as much attention as the inmate of a dear one. In public asylums there is of course no room for any such distinction as this. There may be, and ought to be, paying patients. But it is practically certain that all will share alike the advantages of light, ventilation, cleanliness, and comfort. Moreover, the detention of sane people in public asylums is practically impossible. In the first place, as we have already pointed out, there is no one interested in keeping them a day longer than necessity requires. In the second place, the system of inspection is much more regular and thorough. In the third place, the representatives of the ratepayers are most anxious not to incur needless expense. For these reasons, and for many others, the next Lunacy Bill might well go a step further in the direction of treating the care of the insane as a national duty, and not as a source of private profit.

PRINCES AND PEERS.

ON Monday the Duke of CLARENCE and AVONDALE took the oaths and his seat in the House of Lords, being formally introduced thereto by his father and uncle, the PRINCE OF WALES and the Duke of EDINBURGH. The seat had, however, to be found before it could be taken, much as if the illustrious personage for whom it was destined had been a Cabinet Minister defeated at a general election. The process of finding it called into play some of the most delicate mechanism of the British Constitution. There was a Royal Message to the peers, a reference of the said Message to the Committee of Privileges, and a Report by the Committee to the House, before the question where shall the Duke of CLARENCE and AVONDALE sit and what shall be his precedence in the House of Lords was decided. There are two decisive documents in this case. The first is the statute 31 HENRY VIII. c. 10, "for placing of the 'lords.'" This enactment, which justifies Mr. FROUDE's attachment to the preambles of the statutes of this reign, lays down the sound principle that peers, like other people, should "know their places," and that, in order that they may know them, places should be assigned to them which they may use without displeasure or let of the Council, as should be the case in all great councils and congregations of men having sundry degrees and offices in the commonwealth.

Alas! for the vanity of human arrangements. The peers have long since ceased to know their places. They are mixed up together with as little discrimination of ranks as in the merrymaking in which squire fought like noble, and groom like knight. The Democratic principle has intruded into the House of Lords, and levelled all distinctions. The oldest Duke and the newest Baron, or the newest Duke and the oldest Baron, sit side by side. In the famous altercation which raged in the House of Lords when WILLIAM IV. was on his way down to pronounce the dissolution which followed the rejection of the Reform Bill, the Duke of RICHMOND moved that the peers should take their proper places; but it was impossible to enforce that order, or any other order. The peers declined then, as they declined before and after to "observe degree, priority, and place," and, like the American of the story, insist on sitting where they darned please. Almost the only trace of the arrangements instituted in 31 HENRY VIII. c. 10 is that the Bishops continue to sit where they then sat, on the right of the throne; but there is no THOMAS, Lord CRUMWELL—to

secure whose position in an assembly in which neither Lords Spiritual nor Lords Temporal had much attachment for him was, we rather suspect, one of the motives of the Act, though we admit to Mr. FROUDE that it is not so set down in the preamble—entitled to sit as the King's Vicegerent in ecclesiastical matters on the same form with and above the Archbishop of Canterbury. The only other relic of the old distribution is that the officers of State sit on the left side of the throne, instead of, as in the House of Commons, on the right hand of the Speaker's chair; though, owing to the throne and chair being at opposite ends of their respective Houses, a straight line produced from Mr. W. H. SMITH on the Treasury Bench in the Commons would impinge on Lord SALISBURY in the Treasury Bench in the Lords. But, as for "sitting "on the higher part of the form, above all Dukes," except such Dukes as may be the King's son, or brother, or "uncle," or his brothers' and sisters' sons, no one thinks of that. Ministers pay more regard to the table than to the form, to the convenience of having it before them for their notes and papers, and being well in the centre of the House.

There has been a further modification of the Statute of HENRY, which declares solemnly that no one, not being the King's son, shall attempt or presume to sit on any side of the cloth of estate, neither of the one hand of the King's highness, nor of the other, whether the King be present or absent. When EDWARD, the second son of the dead FRED. Prince of Wales, was made a peer, by the title of the Duke of York and Albany, there was a Royal Message from GEORGE II., a reference to the Committee of Privileges, and a Report which recommended that a seat should be prepared for him on the left hand of the cloth of estate, in spite of 31 HENRY VIII. 10, below the "Butcher" Duke of CUMBERLAND, GEORGE II.'s only surviving son, and above the Archbishop of Canterbury. This precedent, recorded in the Journals of the House of Lords of 22nd and 24th April, 1760, has been followed in the case of the Duke of CLARENCE and AVONDALE, placing him below the QUEEN's youngest son, and interposing, on paper, though not in person, the infant Duke of ALBANY, the only other grandson of the QUEEN who is not as yet a peer, between him and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Of course the Duke of CLARENCE will not know his place any better than other peers know theirs; nor will his place know him, except on days of State and ceremony. He will sit on the cross-benches with other princes who are, by the obligations of rank, and such other peers as may by nature be, of the cross-bench habit of mind.

The debate which was provided for the Duke of CLARENCE and AVONDALE's entertainment by Lord RIBBLESDALE may have suggested to the new peer that the Lords, while sometimes in their wrong places, are yet more frequently in no places at all. Lord RIBBLESDALE proposed that, to ensure better attendance in the House of Lords, peers who do not attend a certain number of times in the Session shall be debarred from voting in the Session which follows. Lord RIBBLESDALE made a penitential speech, and seems to have proposed this severe measure as one of self-discipline, for Lord CRANBROOK presently pointed out that Lord RIBBLESDALE this year had attended on only eight days out of fifty-seven, and had never taken part in Committee work. Lord RIBBLESDALE endeavoured to disarm criticism by comparing himself to Dr. GUILLOTIN, who was the first victim of the instrument which he invented, perishing by it in 1792. A fable is as good for purposes of illustration as a fact; and the circumstance that Dr. GUILLOTIN was not "decollated" as the first victim of the Revolution in 1792, but survived it, and died peacefully in his bed in 1814, does not affect Lord RIBBLESDALE's argument. It is, perhaps, fortunate for Lord RIBBLESDALE that Lord SALISBURY—who knows as much about the French Revolution, say, as Mr. JOHN MORLEY, and who understands it a good deal better—was not present. Lord CRANBROOK and Lord GRANVILLE probably felt themselves too distant from their school-days and school-books to hint a doubt. The legend is a fine example of the way in which poetic justice reconstructs history. He who makes the guillotine shall perish by the guillotine, which, by the way, Dr. GUILLOTIN did not make. It was devised by Dr. LOUIS, a French surgeon, or rather, adapted by him from instruments already known; and constructed, after his directions, by one SCHMITT, a German harpsichord manufacturer. GUILLOTIN's only connexion with the contrivance to which his name has been given was that he proposed the decree which substituted instantaneous decapitation in all cases by a machine, not otherwise described, for the discriminating,

barbarous, and protracted tortures of the pre-revolutionary period. We trust that our readers will excuse this digression, for the benefit of a peer whose education has been neglected. If the House of Lords should on some future day decide on adopting Lord RIBBESDALE's suggestion, and exclude persistent absentees from the division lobbies, though not from the House, a place might be provided for them where they might do conspicuous penance, and purge their guilt. In the Act of HENRY's reign to which we have referred, it is provided that when great officers of State, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, or the Lord Privy Seal, do not happen to be peers, and are, therefore, incapable of voting, they shall sit "at the uppermost part of the sacks in the midst of the said Parliament Chamber, either there to sit on one form or upon the uppermost sack." The spectacle of peers who have been disfranchised for neglect of duty sitting together on one form or on the uppermost sack would be a powerful incentive to virtue.

THE POLICE.

THE Ministry has made an excellent choice of an officer to fill the post vacated by Mr. MONRO. As we do not enjoy the possession of that remarkable sense of humour which inspired a portion of the House of Commons with laughter at the mention of Rajputana, we should not think it any disqualification to Sir EDWARD BRADFORD if he were only known as a capable Indian officer. But those of us who are not only less tickle of the sere, but less ignorant, than the members who guffawed on this occasion are well aware that a portion of Sir EDWARD BRADFORD's experience has given him a direct acquaintance with police administration. Even without this knowledge his training would be wholly in the new Commissioner's favour. No service in the world so trains a man to combine due subordination to his superiors with a sufficient measure of courage in the assumption of responsibility as the work of an Indian political who is also a military officer. The Chief Commissioner of Police in London has to remember continually that, if he must do much by his own authority, he is subordinate to others in all matters of general policy and administration. That a new Commissioner had to be found was, we think, beyond question. The wish expressed in some quarters that Mr. MATTHEWS and Mr. MONRO might become reconciled was amiable, but weak. Mr. MONRO did so much of his work so very well, and what he did best had been done during the latter part of his tenure of office (a consideration of some importance), that it is natural to regret the loss of his services. Still, it is clear that an executive officer who finds that he absolutely cannot work with his Ministerial superior must retire. He was, therefore, quite right in sending in his resignation; and the Ministry did right also in meeting him half-way. As far, then, as this point is concerned, the "incident" may be considered as closed."

It is, however, only too painfully obvious that the general police question has not been closed. Far from it. Unless not a little tact and firmness are shown at head-quarters, there is a possibility amounting to probability that what is already a disagreeable business may become a serious one. Much of what is said may safely be dismissed as mere exaggeration, or as mere malice on the part of some who would be well pleased at any public misfortune which would embarrass the Ministry. The existence of these people and their activity are an important element in the situation. It will be the duty of the Home Office to make their malice of no effect, and that it can only do by treating the police both fairly and firmly. Here, again, it is quite conceivable that amiable good nature may lead many to recommend a course which would be simply mischievous. The police are such an excellent body of men, their work is so hard and so well done, their contentment and zeal are so important to all of us, that there is a very intelligible inclination in some quarters which are entitled to respect to give them whatever they ask. On this point there are, however, two observations to be made. The merit of the police is to be a body of good servants of the State. Now, a very uniform experience shows that a servant who is once persuaded that he can obtain whatever he asks will very soon become an intolerable tyrant. What is true of individuals is true of corps. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with a characteristic love of the big bow-wow style, has spoken of "Pretorians," and will possibly

soon speak of Janissaries. He has this amount of excuse, that a handful of police has shown within the last few days what, if you like big words, may be called a Pretorian spirit. They have talked of putting pressure on their superiors, have held improper meetings in improper places, and have, it is said, appealed to the rural police, and even the soldiers, to act with them. This may be inaccurate; but it is at least certain that the talk of some of them does not make the story incredible. Of course, such conduct is simply mutinous. The fact that there has been mismanagement at head-quarters does not justify the misconduct of subordinates. The sailors who mutinied at Spithead had many and legitimate grounds of complaint; but they were mutineers none the less. It should not be forgotten, too, that the comparative success of the Spithead mutineers led directly to the infinitely more dangerous mutiny at the Nore. The police are human, like the sailors; and, if they are once persuaded that they can get more by squeezing, they will squeeze, and weakness at the beginning will make very strong measures necessary in the long run. It is also necessary to remember what it is the discontented policemen are agitating for. On this point there seems to be some confusion. Their grievance is commonly supposed to be the Superannuation Bill, but it is clear that with the most vehement of them this is a matter of minor importance. It interests the officials, and the older men, not the younger constables. Now it is these last who have been holding meetings in the Hall of the Social Democratic Federation in front of Bow Street Station or on the Adelphi. What they have met to agitate for is not better terms for pension, but higher pay and lighter work. Nobody will deny that their fair demands should be listened to, or that they are entitled to leave the service if they think their wages insufficient and their hours of work excessive. But they must not forget that it takes two to make a bargain, and that those who pay are to be consulted as well as those who are paid. Moreover, the manner in which the demand is made is not to be overlooked. The police are a body of public servants, and must not be left under the delusion that they have the freedom of private workmen. When they begin to talk of putting pressure on the Home Office, it is time that they should be reminded of the facts. One of the most vital of these is that a police which combines to put pressure on its superiors has become a danger and a nuisance. These threats are only heard at present from a minority, and are qualified by assurances of loyalty and promises of good conduct. Still in all bodies the force of contagion is strong, and if mutinous conduct is rewarded by immunity and success, it is likely to be imitated even by men who at first disapproved of it. If the choice had to be made, it would be better to face a considerable secession from the force at once than to allow free course to a spirit which would ruin the whole body. For the rest, there would be no difficulty in replacing the seceders by the hundreds of men who are waiting to join.

The discussion of the last few days has exposed some defects in the administration of the police which certainly demand immediate attention. The delay in codifying the orders is highly discreditable, and so is the bad quality of the clothes supplied. This last is the direct result of the wretched modern habit of sacrificing quality to price—the most wasteful of all administrative blunders in the long run. But these are, comparatively speaking, minor matters. What is of vital importance is the weakness of the police as illustrated by the demand of the men for pay for extra time. The real lesson of this has not been sufficiently appreciated. There has been much comment on the meanness shown by the Home Office in docking 32*l.* from the 132*l.* asked by Mr. MONRO for the men employed on overtime during the metropolitan gas strike. We do not wish to justify cheese-paring economy of this kind, which is much on a par with the practice of buying bad coats and trousers because they are a shilling cheaper than good ones. Neither should we have a word to say in defence of the wretched pedantry of the Home Office, if it has, indeed, cut down the gratuity to the men merely to show them they have no right to demand it. Conduct of that kind abundantly disproves a well-known saying about understanding and office. But, after all, the moral of the story is that the police are not numerous enough for their work. If men have to be taken from their proper beats, and others have to be recalled from leave for special work, it is because there are not enough policemen in London. What it is still the custom to call special work—the management of processions and the watching of strikes—has been very normal work for

years now. There is no sign that the necessity for it will cease in the future. It is, therefore, folly to persist in treating it as if it were an exceptional thing, a mere temporary inconvenience which will probably not be repeated. It should be recognized as part of the normal work of the police, and the force should be strengthened to deal with it. There is the less excuse for not having done this before that both Mr. MONRO and Sir CHARLES WARREN have represented that the men under their command were overburdened even by their usual work. The first grievance of the police to be remedied is then, from this point of view, their insufficient numbers. When that is put right, the difficulty as to extra pay will disappear, because there will be no extra work to do. The reform would have this incidental advantage, that it would make it unnecessary in future to strip half London of protection whenever a part of it is threatened by the mob.

EDUCATED IGNORANCE.

WHEN one reflects on the things that the educated public does not know it becomes a marvel how they even manage to read their only literature, the newspapers. The editors of these journals often receive plaintive letters asking for enlightenment:—

Sir,—In your article on Bathing you speak of LEANDER. My friends and I have been much puzzled by this allusion; we have asked every one who was likely to know, without satisfactory results. Some say LEANDER is an old word for a male flirt, and I have heard a man accused of Leandering about with married ladies. But what has this to do with bathing, except, perhaps, in French watering-places? Again, you talk of ETTY, and suggest as a title for one of his pictures "Guardsmen surprised at the Bath." Who was ETTY, and is he still alive? Was he an Old Master? A reply to these questions will deeply oblige

Yours,
AN INQUIRING SPIRIT.

Many of the educated middle class write letters of this kind to their daily journals; many more are puzzled, but do not write. They make up their minds not to care about these queer people, places, and things to which allusions are made in leading articles. Like the man on the knife-board of the omnibus, they think the paper in which they appear "a very scholarly paper." Who is BRILLAT SAVARIN? Who was SANCHO PANZA? What was the battle of Lepanto? Who was FOUCET, or VIDOCQ, or TALLEYRAND? The worthy readers have given up wondering, and pick out the sense, omitting the words in capital letters. One term particularly puzzles the educated middle class. It is the word "Coqcigrues." Are they a Red Indian tribe, or do they live on the Burmese frontier, or were they a sect of Albigenes or other heretics, or the name of a new machine-gun; or are they a dainty viand, dear to BRILLAT SAVARIN, perhaps? Some advanced students hold that the Coqcigrues really are a fabulous race, probably invented by CHARLES KINGSLEY, a clergyman, who wrote a book called *Water Babies*.

The condition, the dark and benighted condition, of the newspaper reader is much to be pitied. It seems extraordinary that editors have no compassion on their public, that they do not firmly lay down the rule that literally no knowledge of anything shall be taken for granted. Unluckily, some writers are rather fond of displaying their little bits of information, alluding airily to SAKYA MUNI, the Vendidad, the monuments of Easter Island, the Scholiast on APOLLONIUS RHODIUS, Mrs. APHRA BEHN, and other darkling matters. No *modus vivendi* between such authors and such a public can be discovered. We believe that a journal called *Answers* exists, and flourishes, and is exclusively devoted to explaining the allusions in the penny papers. But even this is not enough; we must try to educate the middle classes. The most modern plan, perhaps, will be to set easy papers, and offer prizes for the best answers. This is now the prevalent way of conducting belated educations. A specimen follows:—

MIDDLE-CLASS EDUCATION.

NEWSPAPER SECTION.

1. Who was HANS BREITMANN? Where is his "Barty," and what? Quote any lines on the subject with which you may be acquainted.

2. *Les moutons de Panurge*. Translate this, and explain the allusion. Define a Chitterling. Distinguish between "The Master" and "The Master of the Rolls."

3. Who was TOM HOOD? What do you know of JOHN P. ROBINSON, of HOSEA BIGLOW, of CASTOR and POLLUX, of the RISHIS, the RIBHUS, of Pohjola?

4. Distinguish between MR. JOHN BURNS, MR. BURN-JONES, ROBERT BURNS, Minstrel BURN, BURNS of the Justice, and BURN; stating, if you can, the bowling average of the last mentioned.

5. Who were MR. JINGLE, PEREGRINE PICKLE, JANE EYRE, Captain SHANDON, Captain BRAGG? Give, if you can, the name of the Captain's vessel.

6. What are the Ramayana, the Akhond of Swat, the Letters of JUNIUS, the *Cassandra* of LYCOPHRON?

7. State what you know of SANCHO PANZA, PIZARRO, ATAHUALPA, the Kalevala and PENTAURO, mentioning the newspapers in which these, or any of them, are most frequently alluded to.

Three hours will be allowed for this paper.

The most successful candidate will be presented with a half-yearly volume of a sound Gladstonian weekly periodical, half-bound, and the second will receive a ticket for the third day of the Eton and Harrow match. It is requested that the clergy of all denominations and others will not assist their flocks in an exercise where all depends on personally-conducted research.

THE HOUSING OF THE POOR.

BY the second reading of Mr. RITCHIE's Bill for consolidating and amending the law that applies to the housing of the poor, one satisfactory piece of business has been advanced in a judicious way and in perfect concord. The Amending Bill and the Consolidation Bill, which deals with existing law, are now to be submitted to a Grand Committee; by which they will be returned as a single Bill for discussion in Committee of the whole House. It has often been said that if the existing law on this subject were thoroughly enforced there would be little need for more legislation; and that is true. But it is also true that a sufficient excuse for inaction can be found in the difficulty of understanding the law, and the tedious methods appointed for its application. The purpose of Mr. RITCHIE's Bills is to rid the local authority of these distresses, and to alarm careless and selfish landlords into a livelier sense of their duties.

Henceforth it is to be the "absolute duty" of the medical officer in every district to report the existence of "any premises unfit for human habitation"; and, in order to guard against any tendency to indifference or corruption in that functionary, it will be "the absolute duty" of the local authorities to make a periodical survey of the whole of the district in their charge. Dwellings unfit for human habitation having been reported, there is to be no appointment of surveyors to investigate as at present; no preparation of specifications for improvement to be imposed on the houseowner, should he appeal in vain. Mr. RITCHIE's Amending Bill straitly assumes the owner's responsibility for the nuisance, leaves him to discover the right and sufficient remedy, and calls upon him to apply it within a given time. If the repairs, says Mr. RITCHIE, are not undertaken within that time, the house may be demolished. Moreover, when buildings have been declared unfit for human habitation or "obstructive," the local authorities may not only deal with them alone, but make a scheme "taking in some of the surrounding dwellings, with the view of clearing away courts and alleys, and bringing light and air into the localities so as to make them more fit for human habitation than would otherwise be possible." In short, "rookeries" may be swept away by a sharper process than is applicable to them now. And this is in itself a most desirable thing to do; there is no disagreement on that point. But it cannot be done without money. Rates, long borne with extraordinary patience, are becoming insupportable. Mr. PICKERSGILL himself acknowledges that "Parliament has gone as far as it reasonably can in piling up rates on the occupier." And yet the local authorities cannot do all that the Bill requires of them without compensation to dispossessed homeowners. For Londoners (not that the Bill applies to the capital alone) this question becomes all the more

formidable because Mr. RITCHIE has provided that where it is shown to the London County Council that Vestry authorities are neglecting to deal with unhealthy areas within their management, the Council may put those authorities aside and do the business itself. The Council has been asking for power to do this, so that there is no doubt about its activity in the matter. Much money, therefore, may have to be spent in compensation for demolished property—at any rate, for some little time to come. Pending that difficulty, Mr. RITCHIE's proposal is that, while "every reasonable consideration" should be given to unoffending houseowners whose property is wanted for improvements, "no mercy should be shown to those who allow their property to get into such a condition as to be a danger to the health of a locality." The money payment to owners of property who grossly neglect their duty as proprietors should be "cut down to a minimum."

This, in broad outline, is Mr. RITCHIE's Amending Bill, which has some excellent points of detail; as where it forbids the vestryman who owns "slum" property from voting when interference with it is in question. The whole scheme, indeed, is praiseworthy in purpose and intention; and, since the Opposition welcome it as good enough for the moment, it will probably pass pretty much as it stands. No doubt, something depends upon the course of business in the House of Commons. The Bill can be made useful for the purpose of obstruction, if necessary; but it appears from Tuesday's debate that even the most advanced Radicals on the Opposition benches are willing to postpone the day when dispossessed houseowners and publicans shall be placed on the same footing. And should the Bill pass, as it almost certainly will, good luck attend its excellent intentions. In practice, however, it will be found that in drafting a new Bill Mr. RITCHIE has not destroyed the old difficulties. To clear away courts and alleys, and bring light and air to the places which they darken and disgrace, is never very difficult to do with a certain expenditure of cash. But the inhabitants of these courts and alleys; into what other courts and alleys are they to carry their decent or their foul and drunken poverty? Or where else, if not to other courts and alleys? What provision is there for the ejected, and where are they to run while the wholesome demolition is going on? And how hopelessly ignorant is the assumption that if there are "slums" unfit for human habitation in every great town (not to speak of many small ones where land and light and air are available enough) they are the creation of sordid houseowners! No doubt there are some landlords who, in certain neighbourhoods, do allow their property to fall into the most odious dilapidation, and are unconcerned to know them filthy as long as the rents come in. High rents? Excessive rents? Yes; but not always, if the destruction of the property by the tenant is taken into calculation. And if inquiry were made into the worst of these cases, it would be found many times over that the landlord has abandoned his property to neglect in sheer despair of keeping it orderly without ruin or intolerable loss to himself. Fill a house in Grosvenor Square with the population of a Southwark or Whitechapel rookery, and how long would it be before walls were dismantled, stairways broken and enamelled with dirt, locks torn from the doors, windows smashed, cisterns befoaled, sewer-passages choked, and the whole building "unfit for human habitation," whether judged by the sense of sight or of smell? Knowledge answers, About a year; and, however painful the reply may be, however sad to speak it of our fellow-creatures, it must be accepted. At the end of a year or thereabout the house must be entirely cleansed and renovated to make it fit for human habitation, according to a moderate standard of decency; and again twelve months after, and again twelve months after that. But what is the rent to be if the house has to undergo sweetening and repair at this rate? "Local authorities" must not forget to ask themselves that question in giving effect to such a Bill as Mr. RITCHIE's. Landlords can be compelled to keep their houses in good order, or in better order than many of them are in now; but it is certain that the tenants will have to pay a higher rent, if that is done, in precisely the worst and most poverty-stricken "areas." Otherwise it will be impossible for the houseowner to repair where the tenant so rapidly and wantonly destroys. And, seeing what sort of tenants many a houseowner has—people who do not leave a metal tap on a water-butt for a month together, and who would not leave it there for a week if the landlord were compelled to renew—is it not rather hazardous to go

on the assumption that all foul house-property is so because the owner neglects his duty? Do we not see, at any rate, that there may be the grossest injustice in "cutting down" to a minimum the value of his property on the ground that he has neglected his duty? What the cutting down to a minimum means may be easily understood: Mr. RITCHIE interpreted it when he spoke of "showing no mercy"; while as to the question of duty, in countless cases (almost always in the worst) neglect should rather be charged to the tenant than the landlord. This is perfectly well known to everybody who has more than literary or platform acquaintance with the subject. Yet Mr. CHANCE can argue that to put matters right it should be made a defence to any proceedings for rent that the premises are unfit for human habitation—a phrase of constant recurrence which seems to lack definition. Sir W. FOSTER thinks, for his part, that there should be some provision in Mr. RITCHIE's Bill for "forcing the owners to put up other houses" on the site of those which are ordered to be demolished, because people ought not to be driven from the districts in which they live. These proposals, however, are not likely to be accepted on the present occasion; and we must hope the best from a measure which will be serviceable if wisely acted on, which is very capable of being turned to mischievous account, and which certainly will not achieve the good results which are evidently expected of it.

THE TRUE STORY OF TIPPERARY.

PLAIN, unvarnished truth about any Irish agrarian quarrel is not always easily come by; and it cannot, perhaps, hope for very wide popularity when it is forthcoming. Facts go down a good deal better, we are sorry to say, with a little of the DILLON or O'BRIEN varnish—at any rate, among that unhappy political party in England which has given itself up "to believe a lie." Still, we are bound to act on the assumption that even a Gladstonian is not hopelessly inaccessible to facts; and, if we had to deal with Gladstonians alone, it would be the duty of Unionists to call their attention to the pamphlet just issued by the Liberal Union of Ireland from their office at 45 Dame Street, Dublin, setting forth the true history of that peculiar development of the Plan of Campaign which has been started on the Tipperary estate of Mr. SMITH-BARRY. Moreover, there are many other people besides Gladstonians who need enlightenment on this subject, and whom, fortunately, it is a more hopeful task to enlighten. It is probably difficult to exaggerate the amount of honest ignorance which prevails with respect to this as to other disputes between landlord and tenant in Ireland. Many people are probably still unaware that in this case we have to start from the two important propositions, which are common ground with both parties—that Mr. SMITH-BARRY is emphatically a good landlord, and that with him personally his tenants have no quarrel whatsoever. Neither of these propositions, we say, has ever been disputed by the most unscrupulous Nationalist—either by Mr. O'BRIEN himself or by that fellow-agitator of his whose reputation for "chivalry" emboldens him, as a rule, to stick at nothing in the way of impudently groundless, and sometimes demonstrably false, assertions. It was and is admitted that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's description of Mr. SMITH-BARRY before the Special Commission as "not merely a landlord who is considerate in the matter of rent, but a landlord who takes an interest in the condition of his people," is absolutely correct. But, even if this be as generally known in England as it ought to be, we cannot feel sure that the bulk of Englishmen are aware that a thriving town has been laid desolate, and its population brought under the curse of boycotting in its most cruel and odious form, for no better or other reason than that the landlord on whose property the town is situated has dared to support a fellow-landlord in another county in his resistance to an attempt to rob him of his rents.

All these matters, and many other details scarcely less material to a sound judgment on the dispute, are set forth in the pamphlet to which we have referred; and even those who are familiar with the main facts of the case will derive from this clear, succinct, and strictly colourless review of their whole series and sequence, a considerably increased power of imaginatively realizing the situation. For one thing, it brings out with especial force and vividness the essentially gratuitous character of the Parnellite inter-

ference, the manifest reluctance of the unfortunate Tipperary tenants to be forced into this alien quarrel, and the peculiarly heartless and selfish cruelty with which the agitators, lay and clerical—the latter headed by Archbishop CROKE himself—have driven the wretched men to their ruin. The earlier stages of the conflict show that nothing but a rigid application of the most tyrannical form of boycotting could ever have brought these unhappy shopkeepers “into line,” as their tyrants describe it; or, in other words, driven them from their comfortable and prosperous homes into that miserable “settlement” magniloquently styled “New Tipperary”—a cluster of jerry-built and inconvenient shops for the tradesmen, and a batch of wooden houses for the weekly tenants and labourers. It is true that they had, according to a Tipperary newspaper, the promise of “WILLIAM O'BRIEN, whose word is as “good as a millionaire's bond,” that they should escape harmless; but the letter of an “Evicted Shopkeeper” would appear to show that, somehow or other, the millionaire's bond has turned out not to be a negotiable security. The writer complains bitterly that the promise made to him that he should not suffer one penny's loss has not been kept, and he now threatens to pay his rent, at the risk of being boycotted for that offence. Probably his name has now been added among “the more to follow” to the list of eleven substantial tradesmen who have been “posted” in the locality as aiders and abettors of “the Exterminator in Tipperary,” and whom their neighbours are commanded to boycott accordingly. Mr. GLADSTONE's attention should be called to these instances of exclusive dealing—and, indeed, to the case of Tipperary in general—which, if we remember rightly, he has never yet discussed, and on which his observations could not fail to be most valuable and instructive.

MR. BAINTON'S DEFENCE.

MR. BAINTON, the compiler of a set of letters from various authors, asserts, like his authors, that he has not been fairly treated. In the *Author* some of his eminent hands published their plaints, and we commented on them last week. Mr. BAINTON avers that he was not allowed to see these documents before their publication, and he objects to being “condemned unheard,” and to having his reputation “stabbed in the dark.” Apparently he means to send a statement of his case to the *Author*. In the meantime, he tells us that one of the writers who now objects to the use Mr. BAINTON has made of his letters was, on May 3rd, “glad to hear of the appearance of his ‘book,’ and expressed ‘all good wishes for its success.’” This seems far from consistent. We remarked that Mr. BAINTON does not “come well out of all this.” If all the authors whose letters he published gave him leave to do so, congratulated him, and next complained of his conduct, then they will not “come well out of it,” while Mr. BAINTON will cut a better figure. It will certainly be curious if these authors have been so unanimously inconsistent. But Mr. BAINTON does not deny, apparently, that, in his letters asking for “counsel,” he spoke of seeking advice from “one or two” authors, whereas he really sought it, and got it, from scores. We said last week that probably some of his authors had but shadowy recollections of what passed between them and Mr. BAINTON; there was a vagueness in their letters to the *Author*. We were ready to admit that Mr. BAINTON's own purpose might have developed, and that he might have also been vague, without meaning harm. But, till he has stated his case in full, we cannot readily suppose that six or seven gentlemen and ladies made complaints wholly groundless, or showed an unjust resentment when their notes were published for them without a chance of correction. Nor are we sorry that any person who gets a book written for him, in the main, and that for nothing, should find that even vicarious authorship has its troubles. The practice of making other people write books for you is much too prevalent; and we may reiterate our advice to authors—“Do not answer inquisitive strangers at all.” Advantage seldom comes of it, and a good deal of annoyance may come. There can be little doubt that several persons were surprised and annoyed by the printing, and, as they say in some cases, the incorrect printing, of their communications to Mr. BAINTON for the benefit of his “young people.” They do not seem to enjoy marching through Coventry with Mr. BAINTON. He may try to show that they have

changed their minds and once gloried in his leadership. Then we shall know for certain how they all come out of it, and we condole with them on having got into it. It is so easy not to be loosely and lavishly communicative!

MR. CAINE'S RESIGNATION.

THE resignation of Mr. CAINE, and the incidents by which it has been succeeded, appear likely to make it one of the most interesting, not to say amusing, events which have occurred since the last general election. It is so “full of matter,” both of the political and personal description, that really one hardly knows in which of its aspects one should discuss it first. The most tempting, of course, though not the most important, of these is its bearing on the idiosyncrasy of Mr. CAINE. There is a simple vanity about the step which would in any case, and if it involved no consequence of any public interest, have made it delightful to contemplate. Mr. CAINE, having shown himself to be a Unionist who will support the Union on condition that he may be allowed to plunder the publican under its flag, but not otherwise, is so moved by the contemplation of his own political attitude that he cannot resist going to his constituents to ask them what they think of it. Of course there was not the least occasion for him to do so. The electors of Barrow presumably knew what Mr. CAINE was when they elected him. They never supposed for a moment—or so we are entitled to assume—that he *would* support the Union except on condition of being allowed to plunder the publican under its flag; and the fact that he has voted steadily for that policy of spoliation, and strenuously opposed the Ministerial attempt to establish the opposite principle, ought to be no surprise to his constituents. It is incredible that it should be news to them to hear that their representative has a craze on this subject, and that when it turns up he is no more responsible for his actions than Sir WILFRID LAWSON himself. Surely the presumption down at Barrow must from the first have been that, under the circumstances which have actually arisen, our respected member would not behave like a rational being. Why, then, go down to Barrow to ask the electors what they think of his display of dementia?

The best of the joke, however, is to come. Mr. CAINE has not contented himself with asking his constituents what they think of his political derangements; he also wants to know their view of his sane opinions, and whether they don't think he might change these also with advantage. Now this, of course, enhances the interest of Mr. CAINE's appeal to the constituency from the public point of view; but, though he curiously enough appears unable to see it, it threatens to divest the coming election of all significance, of all relevance even, from the point of view of Mr. CAINE's craze, and the view which may be taken of it down at Barrow. For, as a natural and inevitable result of Mr. CAINE's dragging in his sane opinions as so many principles which “kin be changed” if the electors like, he has been repudiated by the leader of the party which exists to represent these opinions. “The situation,” writes Lord HARTINGTON, “appears to me to be changed by Mr. CAINE's declaration last night. Considering the ‘terms of your telegram, and the fact that a Conservative candidate is in the field, I strongly recommend the Liberal-Unionists of Barrow to support Mr. WAINWRIGHT in the approaching election. I greatly regret being obliged to oppose Mr. CAINE; but his explicit statements ‘that he does not wish to re-enter Parliament as a supporter of the Liberal-Unionist party, and that he will do all he can to put the Government out, leave me no alternative.’” The Gladstonians on their part are not sufficiently impressed with Mr. CAINE's past merits or the value of his prospective services to refrain from running a candidate against him; so that there will be three in the field. What in these circumstances does Mr. CAINE suppose that he will prove with regard to his temperance opinions and their participation by his constituents—in the event (1) of a victory; and (2) of a defeat on the distinct issue of the Union *versus* Home Rule?

THE ANGLO-GERMAN AGREEMENT.

A WEEK'S interval frequently makes all the difference in the view taken of such a matter as the recently arranged and still not settled bargain between England and Germany on the subject of Africa. Some-

times things that look very well on the first blush lose a good deal of their attraction when they are brought home and examined; sometimes, even if the things themselves maintain their attraction, unpleasant conditions and consequences begin to manifest themselves. It may safely be said that nothing of this kind has happened with the Anglo-German agreement, and that, on the contrary, the more it is looked into the better it seems. Unfortunately, no doubt, other matters have come in to share or to distract the attention of Englishmen; and the scandalously ill fashion in which Lord SALISBURY has been served in departments which he does not directly supervise has a little taken the gilt off his African bargain. Yet it can stand this process; for it is not in reality gilt at all, but solid metal. A review of the opinions which have been passed upon it abroad will lead us to the following conclusions. In Germany, while the more reasonable folk fully acquiesce in the gain of Heligoland, and the further gain of a fast alliance with England, the discontent of the extreme Chauvinists and *Colonialmensch* is a solid testimony to the excellence of the bargain. By European States not directly interested, but friendly to both parties, it is generally regarded as a fair arrangement, the balance of advantage distinctly inclining to the English side. In the country of all European countries which has most to fear from a thorough understanding between England and Germany—in Russia—it is regarded with unqualified disgust. In France—which, though she has nothing to fear from us, has no extraordinary good will to us, and which naturally enough dislikes anything that strengthens Germany—the first affectation of regarding the agreement as disastrous for England has shifted to a quite genuine abhorrence of it, as strengthening England far too much, and to a still more genuine desire to have some kind of solatium or sop. As for home critics, it may be acknowledged that, to their credit, a few enemies of Lord SALISBURY's Government at once recognized the goodness of the thing. In Scotland, in particular, which has a very direct connexion with Africa, as with most of our foreign possessions, some Gladstonian papers, with commendable shrewdness, perceived promptly that it was as much as their life was worth to fight against it. And in England the anti-Jingo press has been driven to a forlorn Jingo *tu quoque* about Heligoland in order to make out any case whatever.

We need add very little to what we said last week about the advantages of the agreement in Africa itself. Every day adds to the acknowledgment of those advantages by all authorities worth attending to. A few modest protests about the exact delimitation of the Stevenson Road, a little inquisitiveness about the exact partition of Ngamiland, a slight desire to know about the extent of the protectorate of Zanzibar, sum up the criticisms which have proceeded from any quarters except those in which there is obviously either no knowledge of the facts or a determination to ignore them. Neither the stroke of Lord SALISBURY's pen nor that of any other will "give us Africa." That gift can only be given, or rather can only be received, by the hard, the courageous, the intelligent work of an infinite number of individual Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen working together as one for the extension of the British Empire. But the important thing is that we have now, marked out for the exertion of these energies, acknowledged by the only immediate rival likely to contest them, and not likely to be seriously contested by any one else, a vast region, or rather series of regions, which, in default of such marking, was not merely almost, but altogether, certain to be snapped up by others, and extremely likely to be used to our detriment by them. In reference to the protectorate of Zanzibar, nothing more discreditable has proceeded even from Gladstonian lips and pens than the assertion that Lord SALISBURY has only recovered, and that partially, what he himself lost. The original refusal to assume the protectorate of Zanzibar was not Lord SALISBURY's at all; the first encroachments of Germany in Africa were made when he was not in power, and the first Anglo-German agreement, besides having the excuse of being made at a time when the most serious events were likely to occur in Europe, was an arrangement in arrest of, and not in surrender to, the advance of Germany.

The point, however, on which there has been some doubt, even in quarters where more reason might have been expected, is the exchange of Heligoland for Vitu and the other claims surrendered by Germany. We have already said that, in so far as the objection to this is based

on the general dislike to see any possession of England pass from under the British flag, we sympathize with it completely, but cannot allow the objection to be final. Foreign possessions stand in this contrast to home territory, that they are, after all, held for the sake of gain of this kind or of that merely. A man of wisdom and spirit will go through almost any sacrifice rather than sell his ancestral estate; but he has no particular objection to get rid of or exchange recently obtained and outlying properties. As for the talk about the inclinations of the Heligolanders, it is the sheerest cant and nonsense. We did not ask their consent before we took the island; and we need not ask that consent when we propose to get rid of it. It is known that their privileges have been safeguarded in the agreement; and though, as Mr. SMITH (with a pleasant wit which we wish to Heaven he had extended to some other matters) observed, we shall part with mutual regret, there is every reason to believe that the Heligolandish tear will be wiped very soon. But, the objectors say, the island was of great—at any rate of some—positive value to us. Was it? There is, on the one hand, the opinion of Admiral of the Fleet and Field-Marshal F. A. CHANNING, M.P., M.A., of University College, Oxford, that the island is of the first military and naval importance. There is, on the other, that of Admiral COLOMB, that the island would be of no use to us except in circumstances in which we could take it again whenever we pleased. Those who look merely at the argument, and not at the signature, will, we think, have no difficulty in going with Admiral COLOMB. One of the arguments which have been used on the subject is capable of almost humorous retortion. "You give up Heligoland, and you let Alderney go to ruin," says one malcontent; and Dr. TANNER, or one of those about him, wants to know when we are going to give up the Channel Islands bodily. Now the Channel Islands are part of the patrimony of St. GEORGE, and no Englishman who is worth his salt would give up so much of them as is capable of bearing a handful of sea-wrack. Heligoland is a mere recent capture of our bow and our spear, and we may make profit of it as we will. Moreover, the fact is that, whether we approve the practical abandonment of all the money spent on Alderney or not, the disapproval, by pretty nearly universal consent of all good authorities, of any further attempt to spend more on it emphasizes the very opinion that small stations of this kind, unless at such a distance as to be absolutely required for coaling ports, are useless in modern war either for purposes of offence or for purposes of defence. If we wanted to blockade, and were able to blockade, the Elbe and the Jahde, we should have to do it in force sufficient to take Heligoland as a preliminary; and if, by alliance or otherwise, the Germans were strong enough to invade England, it is not Heligoland that would stop them. Besides, does any Radical Jingo propose to fortify Heligoland, and make it a harbour of refuge? If he does, he has kept his intentions marvellously quiet hitherto. In short, as we said last week, and as Admiral COLOMB has said since, the use of the island would come in chiefly, if not only, when it was superfluous. A few screw-colliers could in a few hours do all its work as a coaling station. It is not a fortress. We are very unlikely ever again to want it as a smuggling entrepôt. Its value as a fishing head-quarters would remain unimpaired in peace, and would always be very precarious in war. As a nursery of pilots we ought to be able, with an eastern coast of seaports from Deal to Peterhead, to do without it. On the other hand, it is eminently *bon à troquer*, and it has been well trucked.

LINKS NOT MISSING.

VII.

SANDWICH.

SANDWICH is a Cinque Port, and yet it is at a considerable distance from the sea. It does not smell like a Cinque Port; yet this is not the fault of Sandwich—though it may be its misfortune—but of the fickle sea, which has gone away and left it. And Sandwich has not yet recovered its surprise at no longer being a seaside place. Hostelries with names of nautical flavour still invite "the jolly tar," who never comes near them, even though in the rough weather the Downs outside be crowded with shipping, and the great tower of the "Granville" at Ramsgate look protectingly across Pegwell Bay at the sometime Cinque Port. And Sandwich is full of picturesque old "bits"—a bridge over a little stream, an old gabled house with the curious

rheumatic crookedness that attacks old bricks and mortar. It is a warm little town of red tints mellowed by age.

If the ancient mariner no longer frequents it, one may see instead figures "as long and lank and brown" as he, very weather-beaten. But these are not so much wind-and-weather-beaten as bunker-beaten; for they are golfers. They "plough" neither the "ocean" nor the "lea," but confine their agricultural operations to golf courses and the adjacent bents and bunkers. Who the golfing Stanley was that first discovered in the "Darkest Sahara" of the Sandwich links its possibilities for golf we do not know; but this we know, that six years or so ago the man who landed at Sandwich Station with golf clubs was a thing to marvel at. To-day, if you arrive at Sandwich as a harmless, objectless tourist, the porters immediately take you under their patronage, on the assumption that you have lost your clubs *en route*. In each new locality golf at first is barely tolerated with contemptuous compassion. It is wonderful how liberal the local mind grows when it finds that there is money in the game.

The Sandwich golfer does not patronize the nautically-named hosteries so much as a more pretentious hotel called the "Bell," near the station. It has lately had a good many new bedrooms added to it, in which golfers who have dined well dream of going round in 18, but those who have dined not wisely but too well, are short in their putting, and tear up their cards all night. A cab, and a drive of a short mile from the station or the "Bell," bring you to a clump of trees, amongst which is a farmhouse, which some efforts of genius have turned into a very comfortable rural club-house. Here the golfer puts on a shocking bad coat, and goes forth to golf. The first tee shot is without danger, if you steer straight, and a second long one may carry you home. But you are as likely to be short in a little shallow bunker, which will not cost you many tears. The putting-green is a joy. If you drive a fine shot straight on the hole from the second tee, you will have the satisfaction of seeing the ball strike the top of a high knobby hill, and come trickling down into a bunker which nature has suggested and art has aggravated, at the foot of it. If you are sufficiently crooked to the left, you may lie fairly well, though heavy; but it is, perhaps, best to keep on the proper line, indicated for you by a flag, to the right. Here you will get a good lie, and may reach the green with an iron club. It is a fine hole, well guarded, with hazards to right and left, beyond, and short. It needs playing. With a good following wind, a slashing driver may go nearly straight on the third hole; but in ordinary cases it is far better to go to the right, on the line marked by the guiding flag. Even thus it needs no mean blow to carry you over the abomination of desolation of bents and bunkers. For the fourth hole you tee down in the low country, and drive up over a great grassy hill, which may remind the golfer from the Lothians of Gullane. But it is Gullane on a small scale; for a drive—a real good one—will carry the hill, and, with a drive and an iron shot at the end of that, the golfer, rejoicing in the lovely undulating turf, may find himself on the putting-green flanked and guarded by hazards on this side and on that. A straight and strong drive to the next will take him over his troubles and put him within ironing range of the hole, which brings him face to face with the most notorious bunker on all Sandwich links—the awful-visaged "Maiden." "Hell" and "Pandy" are as unconsidered trifles beside the terrors of this fearful Maid of salient features. The "Maiden" is a bunker, wide and deep, with a high sandhilly face upon the far side. In the bosom of the bunker are pebbles which break the golfer's heart and niblick. From a prolonged *tête-à-tête* the golfer will come forth a confirmed misogynist so far as this particular lady is concerned. Yet the hole is altogether but a short drive or long cleek shot. It lies in a little hollow. It is often done in two—in twenty-two perhaps more often still. There is no more lovely prospect than an adversary among the sand and pebbles, while you sit on the hill and alternately count his struggles and take a glance at your own ball lying near the hole. The seventh hole is both big and bad. A long-carrying tee shot will take you over all immediate bunkers into a probable bad lie on mossy crumbling turf. In course of time you pass over a ridge on to a flat mossy sandy stretch beside the sad sea waves. Up this stretch you travel, over a monotony of uncertain turf, unrelieved but by a bank and bunker thrown across the course at right angles. Three full shots would put you on the hole if you got good lies, but you do not; and should you survive to reach the green you will feel inadequately rewarded, for it, too, is soft and crumbly. Of this hole it is but fair to say that once its lies were worse. The eighth is a fine hole. It is but one fair, full shot; and its name is "Hades." Should this full shot not be fair, "Hades" is as hard-hearted, nearly, as the "Maiden." You play over, or into, a high sand-hill with a bunker before it, much as in the "Maiden." The putting-green (we believe an artificial one, and, therefore, all credit to its creators!) is big and beautiful. From "Hades" the tee shot must be a long and strong one to carry the bunker facing you; and here again, once over, the lies are doubtful. But from a fair lie a long cleek shot or brassy shot may take you nearly home, over country broken up with bunkers, to a fairly good putting-green on ridgy ground. This is the half-way hole, and if you have come this length in forty strokes you have done well. A fine drive to the tenth, over up-and-down grass country, puts you within a long iron shot of the hole. Your lies here are a little uncertain, for "pots" are plentiful. The iron shot is full of incident, for there is a high sandy hill to carry, and a bunker

beyond that again. But, all this vexation over-passed, the putting-green is a joy to the golfer's heart. Away then, towards the sea again, for the eleventh, with a long carry from the tee to clear the bunkers, and again doubtful ground to lie upon. But a cleek may take you over the ridge, and home, where again the moss and the sand are malevolent. Thence, slanting inland for the twelfth, a good drive will land you in a shallow valley, whence a second long shot may put you on the green. But the green is small. It is guarded all round with hazards. You will more likely land in the little bunker just short, and digging it out, be thankful to finish, on a tolerable green, in five. For the thirteenth you go seaward again, and in general this hole is a replica of the vexations of the seventh; but the carry is less tremendous from the tee, and should fortune and three well-played shots bring you to the green, you will be in mood to acknowledge the putting of better quality, less spoilt by moss. Thence onward the course is all good, albeit the fourteenth and fifteenth holes are much abused; but this we suspect to be the work of golfers who do not do them in as few as they could wish. For the lies in each are good—each may be reached with tolerable comfort by a good driver in three, and neither is without incident. Incident is provided at the fourteenth by rough ground to carry from the tee, an artificial *sol-distant* "burn," which also flanks the right hand of the course, for the second, and, finally, a bunker before the hole for the third. At the fifteenth is a bunker to carry from the tee, and another just before the green; the greens at each are excellent. The sixteenth is rather dull. A drive and an iron shot over uneventful country bring you hole-high on a tolerable putting-green. But the seventeenth is, perhaps, the crowning glory of the course. With a long and straight drive all trouble may be passed or left on either hand, and a second fine one will put you on the hole. But the hole is deep down in a green valley or punchbowl. You play on the line of a flag upon the hill-top and, if fairly accurate, have all the excitement of the seventeenth hole at Prestwick in running up the hill to see how near the hole your ball has rolled. If off the line of the flag, and not in the right punchbowl, you are worse off, by a full stroke, than if you had kept straight. The final shot up to the green is the exciting one at the Home hole, for the tee shot is over unhazardous country, and, if well struck, brings you within reach with your iron, which has to lay the ball just over a straggling little bunker, and short of the fencing posts and rails. The putting-green is good, and with good play you should be in in four.

If you have done the whole in 82 or 83 you have done full well, for 78 is best on record, done by David Brown, of Musselburgh, ex-champion. This has never been beaten, though equalled, and even this was not done when the tees were at fullest length. If you play much at Sandwich you will not allow topping tee shots to become a habit with you. At least you will find it a very bad one. There is no links that exacts penalties quite so dreadful for that sort of crime.

Considering that it is a golf links, Sandwich is wonderfully accessible from civilization—accounting London as such. Express trains are timed to do the journey in 2 hours 18 minutes, and carry out the contract fairly. You may play golf at Sandwich on Sunday; but you are not allowed to take a caddie, because carrying your own clubs fulfills some of the conditions of a religious observance.

On the whole, Sandwich is a very good links. A good many people say it is the best in the world, and some really think so.

UNIVERSAL COOKERY AND FOOD EXHIBITION.

An exhibition (the fifth) under the auspices of the Food and Cookery Association was opened on Tuesday last at the Westminster Town Hall. It was on rather a smaller scale than the preceding one, and consisted chiefly of the children's competition, and the demonstrations and competitions held by lady teachers and amateurs. Undoubtedly the most interesting feature was the children's competition between the pupils of the various Board and National School Cookery Classes; for the little ones (and very tiny some of these miniature cooks were) displayed an enthusiasm and an *aplomb* their elders would have found it hard to equal. The dishes prepared were such as were suitable for cottage and artisan cookery, and although to more experienced cooks a little was occasionally left to be desired, yet the result was, on the whole, undeniably satisfactory and full of hope for the future. Lessons were also given to show the style of teaching of the Board School cookery lecturers, and the teachers deserved great credit, both for the way they imparted the requisite knowledge and for the interest they managed to inspire in their little pupils.

Demonstrations of a higher class were given by M. E. Pouard, of Her Majesty's Guard, St. James's Palace (to whose exertions the Association must certainly be greatly indebted), and various lady lecturers, trained by the National School of Cookery, at South Kensington. The ladies' competition was naturally interesting to every one having any regard for the improvement of domestic cookery, and gave very hopeful promise for the future, some of the exhibits being really excellent, both in themselves and their appearance—two things that by no means always go together. A certain dish of *crème de légumes à l'Andalouse*, and another of *foie gras en aspic*, deserved especial mention. At the same time it must be confessed that some of the dishes showed

a decided want of that sweet simplicity and an artistic feeling which really must exist if cookery is to be successful and refined.

But, this gentle grumble being allowed, it may be fairly admitted that this exhibition should materially help to forward the objects of the Association, "to promote international artistic cookery, to develop such cookery as will commend itself to the national tastes and requirements, and to assist charitable institutions, to which purpose all profits arising from these undertakings are devoted"; and we may heartily wish success to the Association in this and the larger and more comprehensive exhibition projected for the earlier part of next year.

THE SHIPPING TRADE.

After a short period of prosperity, depression seems to be settling down again upon the shipping trade. At the recent meeting of the shareholders of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, the Chairman stated that freights are now as low as they were three years ago, and in some cases even lower, and that goods are being shipped from Liverpool to Bombay, and from Manchester to Calcutta, at such rates that the Company is unable at the present time to carry a single bale of Manchester goods to either port. As a natural consequence, he added, in several ports ships are being laid up idle, as they cannot be run profitably. Very new ships, with the latest improvements, can still be worked remuneratively, but the older vessels cost more than they earn at the present rate of freights. And Mr. R. Knight, the General Secretary of the United Society of Boiler Makers and Iron Shipbuilders, warns the workpeople that they must husband their resources, as the time cannot be far distant when large numbers of men will have to be discharged. Mr. Knight states that, while some shipbuilders have Government work on hand that will keep them busily occupied for another year, and while most shipbuilders have engagements that will not run out for some months yet, still new orders are exceedingly scarce; competition for new work is getting keener every day, and although unremuneratively low prices are quoted shipowners hold back. It seems inevitable, therefore, that before long many of the yards will be idle, and large numbers of men will have to be dismissed. The principal cause of this unsatisfactory state of things is undoubtedly over-building during the past couple of years. During the four years 1880-83 there was an extraordinary construction of vessels. Then followed a collapse; multitudes of men were discharged, ships were laid up idle in dock, prices fell ruinously, and rates became exceedingly low. In 1887 there was a reaction. The growth of wealth and population, the consequent improvement in trade, and the wearing-out and loss of vessels readjusted business, freights rose once more, and new orders in large numbers began to be placed. It was not, however, until 1888 that construction overran demand. In 1887 577,000 tons of new shipping were launched; but in 1888 the new tonnage launched was as much as 904,000 tons, and in 1889 it reached almost 1,300,000 tons. The average, therefore, for 1888 and 1889 was about double that of 1887. As stated above, the orders placed last year are still keeping most of the yards actively employed, and the launch of tonnage this year will consequently go on at a very considerable rate. But the work has been overdone, and reaction has set in. The feverish activity of the shipbuilding trade contributed powerfully to the rapid rise in wages in coal and in iron that took place last year, and in its turn this caused a great rise in the prices of shipping. On the other hand, the increase in the mercantile marine of the world rendered competition more and more keen, and therefore led to a decline in freights. Thus while the cost of working was augmented earnings were reduced, and a stoppage of new orders, therefore, became inevitable.

It may be asked how it has come to pass that the shipowners made so grievous a miscalculation, having had such recent experience of the disastrous consequences of over-construction. The first reason, no doubt, was that competition between them, always eager, was especially keen during the period of depression 1884-87. There were many more ships than could find employment. Those, therefore, that were least efficient and cost most to run had to be laid up, while those that were most efficient and cheapest in working were able to earn profits. In this way the owners had proof of the advantages of introducing the very newest improvements. Accordingly, as soon as the depression came to an end, and freights began once more to rise, the greater Companies with large capital began to place orders, so as to secure even better types of vessels than those already existing, improvements continuing to be introduced every day. As soon as one did so, every competitor felt bound to do the same, lest he should be left behind in the race; and from the greater Companies the struggle descended to the smaller owners. A second reason was, we venture to think, that the shipowners did not correctly appreciate the character of the trade revival which set in about four years ago. To a certain extent, it was the result of wild speculation in South America and South Africa. The Argentine Republic more particularly raised immense sums in Europe, a large proportion of which were spent in the purchase of materials, chiefly in this country, for railways, telegraphs, telephones, waterworks, and other industrial and sanitary purposes. In other words, the great Argentine issues enabled the Argentine Republic to increase enormously its trade with Europe, and there-

fore to give employment to very many more ships than were formerly engaged in the trade. Similarly, the discoveries of gold in South Africa led to the issue of innumerable land, gold, and diamond Companies, all of which bought machinery to a greater or less extent in this country, and therefore increased the trade with South Africa. Now that the credit both of the Argentine Republic and of South Africa has been shaken, and that they are consequently unable to raise money as they lately did, their trade has naturally suffered, and the shipping interest is feeling the depression. The Brazilian revolution has had a like influence upon the Brazilian trade; the speculation in land and drought have injured the trade with Australia; China has suffered from famine; the cotton trade of India has been depressed for more than a year; and trade in the United States has languished because of bad harvests, the low prices of wheat and other grain, over-construction of railways in the West, and the economic disturbances that have ensued thereupon. Some of these things could not have been foreseen, others it was perhaps impossible for the general body of shipowners to take note of and understand. At all events, it is clear that they did not thoroughly appreciate the character of the trade recovery. They saw that the demand for shipping was increasing so fast that freights rose rapidly towards the end of 1887. They argued, therefore, that after depression there would follow a considerable period of activity and prosperity, and that more ships would be required to meet the demands of the world's carrying trade. And, in their eagerness each to keep abreast of his competitors, they overreached themselves.

We venture to hope, however, that the depression which seems to be now settling upon the shipping trade will be less severe and less protracted than that which followed the last period of over-construction. Taking the general trade of the country altogether it is fairly prosperous. Even the iron and steel industries, which suffered most from undue speculation before Christmas and monetary stringency since, appear now to be recovering. There is a decided improvement in the cotton trade, and other trades are doing well. Employment is abundant, and wages are maintained. If we turn to other countries, we see that though over-speculation has brought on a reaction in Germany, elsewhere upon the Continent there is improvement, which is very marked in France. And the crops all over Europe are promising exceedingly well. Even in the most advanced countries of the Continent agriculture is still by far the greatest industry—that upon which the general prosperity mainly depends. And good crops all over Europe are, therefore, likely to stimulate European trade; especially as there is reason to hope that agricultural prices will not be as low in the immediate future as they have been in the immediate past. The prospects of agriculturists being thus doubly better, there ought to be sustained improvement in European trade. The trade with Australia has likewise revived; the cotton trade with India is certainly better than it was; and the outlook in the United States is better now than it has been for several years past. In every part of the Union the railway traffic returns show large and continuous increases upon those of last year. And so do the Clearing House returns. From this it is evident that trade is far more active than it has been; and though no doubt it is true that profits are low, still the fact that the volume of trade has gradually increased gives grounds for hope that the United States will be a better customer of Europe than they have been lately. How far silver legislation may affect the economic condition it is impossible to foresee until we know the exact shape the legislation will take, and whether the banks will or will not freely accept the proposed silver notes. Apart, however, from silver legislation, there is every reason to anticipate that the United States will do a larger and a better business with the rest of the world than of late. And no doubt the opening up of Africa will likewise have some beneficial influence upon trade. Although, then, we must expect a falling off in our dealings with some countries, we may reasonably hope for a marked increase in those with others; and thus we seem to have grounds for concluding that if the building of new ships is suspended for a short while, or, at all events, is greatly reduced, compared with the past two years, the growth of the world's commercial relations will very soon equalize the demand for shipping with the supply. For awhile freights will be low, the older and less efficient vessels will have to be laid up, and it is to be feared, too, that shipbuilders who have not Government orders will be compelled to discharge some of their workmen, possibly even to close some of their yards; but we trust that there will be no collapse like that of 1884, and no widespread distress amongst the workpeople.

THE LICENSE OF NOVELISTS.

IV.

In fact, Lever's novels are an inexhaustible mine of magnificent and audacious surprises. His characters educate themselves as if some enchanter had turned schoolmaster, and, nevertheless, they sometimes show an inconceivable credulity when the school of the world should have brightened their wits. Roland Cashel serves in the semi-piratical navy of a South-American Republic. He has graduated at gaming-tables, and held his own in a society where the one half are sharpers and the other half adventurers.

Succeeding to some 20,000*l.* a year, he cuts a tolerable figure in good Dublin society, although his manners have still a dash of buccaneering bluntness. But this half-reclaimed wolf, who must have been ready with his teeth and claws, gives himself over as an innocent sheep to the shearers. The most shortsighted of on-lookers must have seen at a glance that he has made a strangely injudicious choice of the mentor who dictates him his conduct in all its details; and he hands a book of blank cheques to an acquaintance of yesterday who is notoriously a *viveur* and *criblé de dettes*. There are many ways of getting rid of superfluous cash, but men like Cashel do not generally throw it out of the window, or dispose of it at the discretion of a Lord Charles Frobisher. Then, in an alliterative sequence of thought, we come to Con Cregan, "the Irish Gil Blas." Con is a bog-trotting boy, the son of a poor but rascally process-server, and bred in an Irish cabin. Sharp enough he was, no doubt, and if he inherited nothing else, he came in for a double portion of the paternal cunning. He might cast his slough and shake himself clear of his rags, but we will be bound that to his dying hour the Connaught peasant would never get rid of his brogue. All the teaching he had ever given him was by a hedge schoolmaster; and, as he had not even had the run of a servants' hall, he had never seen anything like decent company but from a distance. Yet a few months after leaving Ireland we find that Master Con has shot up into a gentleman from a slip of a gossoon, and is giving himself the airs of a *roué* and a man of the world. He does it so successfully as to impose upon Falkoner, who knows all the outs and ins of London life; and Falkoner never dreams he is being humbugged when Con, striving to suppress an involuntary shiver, talks of the formidable Sir Dudley Broughton, who meant to murder him, as a friend in common to them. The brogue eradicated, and the mysterious shibboleths of good society mastered, all the rest is comparatively easy. We are scarcely surprised when Con develops the resources of a Robinson Crusoe, the subtlety of a Machiavelli, and the linguistic facility of a Mezzofanti. Con talks most tongues like a native; his presence of mind never once fails him; and, having picked up incidentally the treasures of the Boatswain of Anticosti—which, by the way, almost threw those of Monte Cristo into the shade—he dazzles princes, outwits diplomats, and ultimately discovers the dormant nobility of his nature by revealing his identity to his high-born betrothed, at the risk of wrecking his happiness at the very mouth of the harbour. But, of all Lever's fantastically inconceivable creations, the most phenomenal, perhaps, is Joe Atlee, in *Lord Kilgobbin*. Joe in point of years is a mere lad; he is still a humble undergraduate in the "Silent Sister" at Dublin, sharing the chambers of a commonplace and penniless chum. Ambitious and unscrupulous, he dreams of great things. In the meantime he is eager to stoop that he may conquer, and is always ready to put his pride in his pocket and to cringe to any eligible patron. Though he gratifies no expensive tastes, he knows not where to turn for a guinea. Yet all the time he reminds us of Christian, who lay for days in the dungeons of Giant Despair, till of a sudden it struck him, though somewhat of the latest, that he had a key which opened every lock in Doubting Castle. With a thousandth part of the intelligence attributed to him, Joe Atlee must have known that he had attained such literary and journalistic distinction as no man ever enjoyed before or since. The political influence he indirectly exercised might have gained him places, or pensions, or honours in half the kingdoms of Christendom. The only mystery that is past clearing up is how the money he certainly must have earned had miscarried. For this is what we hear of him. He was courted by the leading editors of Europe. "He could command insertion of an article in the *Mémorial Diplomatique*, the St. Petersburg *Golos*, or the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, while the comments by himself would appear in the *Kreuz-Zeitung* or the *Times*." In the line of clever cosmopolitan forgery neither Ireland, nor Chatterton, nor Macpherson was in it with him. He could turn you off the Greek version of a poem "that might attach the mark of plagiarism to Tennyson," and "he had deceived the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and thrown the Tuilleries into panic with a mock despatch of Baron Beust." Yet, strange to say, in place of shifting his quarters to Paris or London, Mr. Atlee holds on to the quadrangle of Old Trinity, condescending to pick up a few shillings by contributing impartially to the seditious *Tipperary Pike* and to the Orange *Boyne Water*.

Thackeray is the most exact and correct of novelists. His vivid portraiture of character in all its refinements of types and shades is perhaps unrivalled. It is seldom indeed that he slips or stumbles. Yet Jupiter himself will now and then nod, and Thackeray had to confess to having resuscitated Lady Kew after having laid the unquiet old dowager to rest in her coffin. The mirror he holds up to life and manners is without a flaw in the glass, and reflects most faithfully. His so-called cynicism is simply the persistent illustration of unwelcome truth, and the analysis of the more or less discreditable motives of conduct which most of us endeavour to conceal. With the most distinguished of his contemporaries in fiction it is very different; we never know how far the distortions of Dickens's social misdrawing should be attributed to ignorance and how far to deliberate intention. His up-bringing, as we learn from Mr. Forster's *Life*, not to speak of the autobiographical revelations in *David Copperfield*, was worse than unfortunate, and it is infinitely to the credit of his strength of will and adaptability that he should have done so much towards surmounting his early disadvantages. Washing bottles below old Hungerford Bridge, and having the run of the "Collegians" cramped quarters in the Marshalsea, though

they inspired many delightful scenes in Bohemia, were by no means the best preparation for depicting the manners of what Jeames calls the "hupper suckles." Dickens, like all men of fine genius, was sensitive and susceptible, and we suspect that he suffered from a sense of inferiority he could never shake off, though he did his utmost to harden his heart against it in the pride of his intellect and his flow of bright spirits. We fancy that unconsciously, perhaps, he set himself to level in his writings the social obstructions which are real though impalpable. The foreigner who went to Dickens for pictures of the English aristocracy would be strangely misled, and might almost as well seek its representative types in the pictures of the *Charivari*. The Sir Leicester Dedlocks, the Sir Mulberry Hawks, Lord Frederick Verisopht—who, by the way, is, styled indifferently Lord Frederick and Lord Verisopht, as if he were at once himself and his own brother or father—are gross exaggerations or ludicrous travesties. Social snobbery is, no doubt, a middle-class weakness, but Dickens exaggerates his examples of it beyond all measure of belief. The sentiment so tersely expressed by the gentleman at Mr. Waterbrook's dinner, that he would rather be knocked down by a man with blood than picked up by a man without it, is the cardinal article of the vulgarian's creed. In the general jumbling up of ranks and degrees, baronets seem to be confounded with dukes or royal princes; if they were rare as bustards, they could scarcely be more reverenced or idolized. The Wititterleys, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, are people of fair position, of good means, and of decent cultivation. Yet the gentleman reminds the susceptible lady of the agitation which had threatened the gravest consequences when she danced with the Baronet's nephew. And that memorable event had happened years before, and at an election-ball, of all places in the world, where the candidate was paying court to all and sundry.

It is stranger still that Dickens should habitually ignore the wide differences, or rather the antipathies, which make happy wedlock impossible, and even familiar association disagreeable between people who have been living in widely different spheres. Take the characters in *Dombey and Son*. It is pretty strong making Mr. Toots, who is a gentleman, although weak in the brain, marry Miss Nipper. We may let that pass, as we laugh at the good-hearted "innocent" giving himself over to the charge of the most wonderful woman in the world. And, indeed, there is a graceful touch of sentiment in his taking that prickly bramble for better or for worse because it was fragrant to him from companionship with the rose of his adoration. But the refined Florence falling hopelessly in love with Walter is inexcusably unnatural. We doubt not that Walter was a very good fellow. But his cheap schooling in the City of London had been cut short; when not in the company of old Sol Gills and Captain Cuttle he was serving an apprenticeship as office-boy at Dombey's; nor had he opportunities of improving his mind or his manners when sent on "that there unfortunate voyage" which ended in the disastrous shipwreck and in the wetting on which Mr. Toots hypothetically condoned with him. No wonder Mr. Dombey did not much like the match; and, though he forgot himself when he gave his daughter "that cruel blow," we daresay Miss Florence made the worst of the bruise; and we declare that, in our opinion, he had great provocation. Though Dickens succeeds in exciting our sympathies in Florence's favour, we feel that a less purse-proud capitalist than Dombey might have resented the inclinations towards low society his heiress had shown from her tenderest years. Dombey's pride has a fall; and, as he had always been an intolerable prig, we have the less compassion for him in his misfortunes. The moral of the collapse of the millionaire is excellent. But it is pressing too revengefully upon the fallen man to make him hob and nob, evening after evening, with the worthy Captain Cuttle. The Captain is delightful in his own place; he was very good company for Walter Gay, whom Dickens has mated with Florence Dombey. But we cannot forget that he was originally introduced as a pilot or privateer; that his manners of thought and speech are those of a convivial Greenwich pensioner; and that, if the dashing Mrs. MacStinger had made prize of him, the connexion would have been highly suitable. So it is with Pip in *Great Expectations*. Under the careless surveillance of Mr. Matthew Posket, the playfellow of Joe Gargery is almost as swiftly and completely transformed as Lever's Con Cregan. After breathing the fusty atmosphere of the old-fashioned Inn for a year or two—where Joe "would not have kept a pig; leastways, not if he wanted it to cut meller"—his manners are as good and his follies as elegant as those of any of the *roués* of former generations of the Temple who figure in the plays of the fashionable dramatists. Yet in a moment of repentance and depression Mr. Pip hastens down to the Essex marshes to offer his hand to the slipshod Biddy, and is fool enough not to thank Providence heartily when he finds she is already engaged to the blacksmith. In fact, the novelist appears to take it for granted that Biddy's virtue should make up for her vulgarity, and that her sound sense will supply the place of common sympathies. In minor matters Dickens frequently takes license which we are much more willing to grant him. *Pickwick* is, of course, a book by itself; though, even in that masterpiece of humour, with the phenomenal Sam for the principal character, there seems no reason why gentlemen should travel without luggage. But in his later and graver novels Dickens never hesitates over trifles when he is puzzled how to lead up to a dramatic situation. *Nicholas Nickleby* and Sir Mulberry Hawk are moving on different planes altogether. Yet for the purposes of the impending quarrel they

must not only be brought into contact, but Nicholas must lose his temper over the language he listens to. Considering the station and habits of the dissipated Baronet, they could hardly meet on the top of a stage-coach, and still less in the inside of an omnibus. As the mountain cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet must consequently go to the mountain. So Nicholas, who has always been hard up, and who is out of a situation at the time and harder up than ever, steps into the coffee-room of a fashionable hotel between Park Lane and Bond Street and calls for a bottle of claret. To be sure, he deigns the explanation that "it is no great debauch," but we would lay all Lombard Street to a China orange that, in the circumstances, he would have quenched his thirst and rested his limbs in one of the modest taverns round the corner.

SCULPTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN spite of the fact that Mr. Alfred Gilbert is not represented at all this year at the Royal Academy, and that Mr. Thornycroft sends no very important contribution, the interest of the sculpture is well sustained. The general average of merit has, perhaps, never been so high, and on every side we see work which would have been a portent fifteen years ago. The most superficial visitor must observe a change of colour in the sculpture-rooms. The uniform white of the old rows of marble is being transformed into black, green, and golden yellow, the hues of the patina of bronze. The new school have discovered the value and the charm of metal, in which their finest touch can be reproduced without modification, and if this movement proceeds much further, we may even have to recall the sculptors to the preciousness of the marble surface. At present about half the exhibition is white, and half is either bronze or plaster bronzed. Everywhere the young men are coming forward with admirably executed work. The honours of the year belong to Mr. Onslow Ford, and to three outsiders—Mr. Bates, Mr. Frampton, and Mr. Goscombe John—young sculptors who have lately served their novitiate.

The most important imaginative statue at the Academy is doubtless Mr. Frampton's "Angel of Death" (2090). The strange spectral figure, its bowed head shadowed with drooping wings, hastens forward, bearing a lamp and a scythe; its curious feet crush into some soft eminence, perhaps a cloud. The type is very unusual, with its long shanks and thin ankles; but the modelling of the figure and its beautifully-drawn outline are admirable, while the style of the whole is poetic to a high degree. Mr. Frampton has produced no previous work which gave so high promise as this. Beside it stands the "Young Sophocles" (2119) of a new sculptor, Mr. John Donoghue, with which it forms a valuable contrast. Mr. Donoghue's spirited young warrior, entirely nude, leads the chorus of victory after Salamis, striking with a bold gesture on an enormous lyre. The torso is carefully drawn, and the style of the whole is good. But the legs are of excessive length, and imitate too closely those of the Apollo Belvedere, while the raised right arm is much too small. This statue strikes the eye favourably, but disappoints a little upon closer inspection. In the place of honour, opposite the "Angel of Death," is Mr. Harry Bates's "Pandora" (2117), a nude, girlish figure, kneeling, in marble, with a carved ivory box in her hand. This is exquisite in feeling and composition, but, as Mr. Bates's work is apt to be, unfinished to the last degree, and, indeed, scarcely carried far enough for exhibition. On either hand of "Pandora" stand two bronzes, Mr. Onslow Ford's "Peace" (2116), an old favourite, and "Music" (2118), a barbaric woman, half undraped, with an owl's skin fitted to her head, holding a small, stiff harp. This instrument, making an ugly line, is the principal drawback of this figure, which has great beauty, though it is not carried to the same perfection as the "Peace." We have now mentioned the most important life-size imaginative statues; but Mr. Williamson sends a truculent and over-dramatic "Hypatia" (1945), carefully studied and very nicely carved. The "Danai" (1949) and the "Vase-Painter" (1971) of a Danish sculptor, Mr. Vilhelm Bissen, exemplify an intelligent survival of the tradition of Thorwaldsen. Mr. Albert Toft's "Fate-Led" (1967) shows a close study of the nude model, and though prosaic is careful.

There are many excellent statuettes and small groups, displaying the fine qualities which animate our new school of sculpture. Among the latter, the first place is easily won by Mr. W. Goscombe John's "Parting" (2076), a dead boy stretched across the knees of a blind old man. We have drawn attention before to the extraordinary merit of Mr. John as a modeller. For perfection of surface-work in detail he has no living superior, and almost the only fault in his work which we can suggest is a little timidity, or perhaps it would be more just to say, the signs of a little anxiety. Mr. John is one of the most remarkable artists that the Royal Academy schools have turned out, and if he is true to his genius, his technical skill ought to carry him far. In the Central Hall is another charming group, "Love flies from the Doubting Soul" (1961), by Mr. Charles J. Allen. A Psyche, with a despairing little grimace, clings to a pathetic flying Eros; the character of the heads is very good, the design novel, and the treatment sound. Another "Parting" (1898) is Mr. Fehr's, who models well; here a mother and a daughter, apparently, urge a warrior to the field; but, although the posing is pretty, the story is difficult to read, and the huge helmet in the

child's hands is out of proportion. It is a fault of the composition that this group seems to possess an abnormal number of legs.

Among the statuettes the favourite among artists will certainly be the "Dionysus" (2080) of Mr. Pomeroy, a sprightly figure of a youth standing on tiptoe upon a tripod in an ecstasy, and preparing to drink out of a horn. The symmetric line of the knees, drawn together, is very original; and the style, as well as the handling, of the whole is uncommonly spirited and charming. We are the more glad to congratulate Mr. Pomeroy because his work last year was hardly up to his mark. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft sends one of the little signed bronzes of his "Mower" (2021), for domestic use. We have lately and warmly recommended this publication to our readers; it offers a delightful possession. A graceful statuette by Mr. Paul Kummer is "A Day's Sport" (1986), Artemis, clad in furs, returning through the woods, with her spear in one hand, and in the other a dead lynx; the light and shade of this figure are excellent. Mr. Pegram, we are obliged to admit, shows some falling off in his "Eve" (2073), which, notwithstanding, has the merits of picturesqueness which so clever an artist cannot fail to supply; the head is reminiscent of Rossetti. Grace is the distinguishing feature of Mr. Fehr's "Morning" (2086). Mr. Wade's "Grenadier Guard" (1981) is well posed. All these examples in the natural modelling of their forms show the advantage of the modern revolt against the wretched old Academic tradition.

The iconic statues are not many in number, but they include a most interesting and justly popular model of the "Gordon" (1958), now erected at Chatham in bronze. The hero is represented sitting, in the approved squatting posture, on a large camel, whose profuse and ornamented trappings hang down on all sides. The principal criticism we have to make on this noble work is that it is all colour, somewhat to the exclusion of the claims of form. Seen from behind, the sleeves and coat-back of Gordon seem empty; we hardly admit that a man can be inside them. As a portrait, the figure is much too tall. We may wish the whole statue were treated more broadly; but nothing can prevent it from being a picturesque and effective work of a very high class. Mr. Havard Thomas has had a terrible costume to deal with in his "W. E. Forster" (1962) for Bradford; but he has overcome its difficulties fairly well, and the head is vigorous and lifelike. We cannot say so much for Mr. MacLean's "Sir Arthur Phayre" (1954), which is deplorably wanting in style, and the face so much out of drawing, that the error amounts to positive deformity.

The Royal Academy is strong this year in works in relief. We do not know how to characterize the enormous bright-green alto-relievo (2004), which Mr. Lawes, its modeller, describes as "Figures representing the United States of America, Liberty, Peace, Commerce, the Extinction of Slavery, Abundance," and we know not how many more abstractions. It is an amazing revel of boisterous nudities, kicking and splashing about in space, not without cleverness in the individual figures, but tasteless and obstreperous as a composition. This may be contrasted with Mr. Frederick Shelley's "Perseus and Andromeda" (2056), a medallion in low relief, well arranged and kept flat and broad in character. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's marble relief, "The Mirror" (2057), is his diploma work on becoming a full R.A. This represents a mother holding her baby back at arm's length on her knees, while she makes him laugh at his own image in a glass; a work of great delicacy and distinction, worthy of its author's high reputation. Mr. Harry Bates indulges in his usual trick of exhibiting his work half-finished; but his design for the Altar of Holy Trinity, Chelsea (2061), representing the dead Christ, with angels mourning at the head and the feet, is remarkably fine in composition; the panel well filled, and certain parts, such as the arms, which are often embarrassing in low relief, treated with great cleverness. The angels are strongly marked by the influence of Mr. Burne-Jones—a new element in sculpture.

When we turn to portraits, it is natural to speak first of Sir Edgar Boehm. As usual, he is unequal to an extraordinary degree this year. It is impossible to recognize the same hand in No. 2066, which is really a most accomplished piece of modelling, and in No. 2070, which is tame and conventional to the last degree. We believe the reason to be that Sir Edgar Boehm's touch cannot be rendered in marble. The portrait of "Mr. Lecky" (2066) is a terra-cotta, and it possesses every brilliant sign of the master's hand. But the marble loses this entirely. It is enough to compare the coats of these two busts to see that the fault is partly Sir Edgar Boehm's own; he does not prepare his work for reproduction. Still, it is strange that a sculptor of position should be content to see such a bust as No. 2070 exhibited under his name. The head of "Lord Dufferin" (2069), by the same artist, is a very clever study. We do not recollect a year in which the Royal Academy contained so few interesting busts. The energy of the sculptors has gone out into imaginative work. Mr. Onslow Ford's "Sir Andrew Clarke" (1974) is a capital example of his coloured style in portraiture. Mr. Albert Toft's "Mr. Christie Murray" (1995), Mr. Pinker's "Mr. F. W. Walker" (2044) and "Sir William Savory" (2059), and Mr. Herbert Hampton's "Mr. George Lawrence" (1950) are male heads competently and picturesquely treated. Mr. Bruce Joy has made a good portrait of "Lord Salisbury's" head (2024), though he has missed the strength of the original. Miss Grant's bust of "R. Hunt, Esq." (1994), is well treated. Mr. Mullins's "Mrs. Henderson" (1966) is a ladylike marble. Mr. George Lawson's

"Old Marjorie" (2008) is a crisply modelled bust. Mr. T. S. Lee's marble head of a girl (2033) is spoiled by its affectation of incompleteness, especially in the eyes; it is a very pretty sketch, of unusual cleverness, but Mr. Lee should learn that marble is too precious a material to be treated with this flippancy. His portrait in relief (2064) is more legitimately carried out. There is style in Mr. Frampton's very low relief portraits of "The Daughters of L. Karslake" (2068), treated in a fifteenth-century manner, with delicate, Madonna-like fingers to the hands.

A few works of miscellaneous character remain to be described. Mr. Armstead's five marble figures (2046-2050), forming part of the eredos of a Welsh church, look out of place in a public exhibition; but they are accomplished specimens of ecclesiastical art; and when each is in its site, in its own niche, they will be found appropriate and dignified. Mr. Atkinson's "Out in the Fields" (1956) belongs to a class of sculpture which we should be glad to see more generally attempted—the rendering in realistic forms of incidents of everyday life. But these forms need to be the object of more careful selection than Mr. Atkinson has introduced. His rough lad leaning on a spade, though modelled not without care, is coarse, ugly, wanting in animation. Nothing could be more unsightly than the callous hand which drops helplessly at his side. Style is wanted here to animate the dead bones of realism. The sculptor may learn something from Mr. Lanz's "Pestalozzi" (1946), with children on either side, a very praiseworthy attempt in the grouping of modern costume. Mr. Reynolds Stephens, in designing his pretty Wall Fountain (2019), has been inspired by Mr. Gilbert; but he lacks the master's skill. Mr. Mark Rogers has the speciality of caryatides for chimney-pieces; his "Supporting-figure" (1952) is vigorous; but the thighs are awkwardly cut across by the heavy drapery, and the support lacks strength. Mr. Brock's sketch-model for a "Lord Angus" (1975) is eminently skilful in its free and thorough treatment of eighteenth-century costume. This will make a capital statue; but why does the Colonel grasp the blade of a bare sword with an ungloved hand?

THE APOLOGIA OF THE ACTOR-MANAGER.

II.

IT was not to be expected that Mr. Oswald Crawford should shine as a constructive reformer of our stage; if his diagnosis of the symptoms of the complaint from which the drama is suffering be faulty, how much more faulty are we likely to find the course of treatment which he, an empiric practitioner, prescribes for the interesting invalid.

Nor in this case are our expectations disappointed, for we have no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Crawford's scheme of theatrical reform to be impracticable—nay, more, it is impalpable; we are unable to grasp it, either in principle or in detail; when we think we have got it, it slips through our fingers and assumes a different shape, like the demon in fairy tale, and, after much deliberation, we are driven to the conclusion that it is so difficult for us to understand what Mr. Oswald Crawford wants because it is something that Mr. Oswald Crawford does not quite understand himself. Let us see, if we can, in what sort of edifice he proposes to enshrine the drama of the future. He would borrow for it certain characteristics of existing institutions; but he would dispense with the conditions by which alone those characteristics can be called into existence. Thus he would endow it with the constitution of the *Comédie Française*, but not with the State subvention which alone renders that constitution possible. He tells us that "the nine Muses were never yet under the dominion of the laws of supply and demand, and he who deals with them cannot enter his transactions by double entry," and proceeds to state that it would be some way in a new and right direction if the public were "to start theatres of its own on those same methods which govern shops, hotels, and music-halls." Does Mr. Crawford imagine that such places of business can be successfully conducted in defiance of the laws of supply and demand, and that they will flourish the better the worse their accounts be kept? The experiment would certainly be a step in a new (if not in a right) direction; but we doubt if Mr. Crawford would care to put up at the hotels or deal with the shops; we make no suggestion as regards the music-halls, which we know he holds to be the purgatory (or worse) of the erring play-goer. But, as our reformer proposes to copy the *Théâtre Français*, not as regards its source of income, but as regards its working regulations, so, conversely, he would have theatres financed, as are certain of our hotels, shops, and music-halls, by joint-stock Companies.

Mr. Crawford is never at a loss for a "fact" or two whereon to base his arguments; if experience be lacking, imagination is ever ready to aid him. On this occasion he backs his demand for floating theatrical speculations under the Companies Acts by the astounding assertion that the personally-conducted theatre is mostly backed by capital without a voice or a vote in its spending—a statement which any one with the slightest knowledge of our theatres will know to be grotesquely incorrect. The capital of a London playhouse is the property either of the manager himself or of a "backer," as the phrase goes, who, it is well known, takes a lively interest in watching how his money goes, and by no means relinquishes the claim to a voice and a vote in its control; in neither case can Mr. Crawford's contention be made out. But supposing, for the sake of argument, that his accusation is a

just one, what is his proposed remedy, and how is it likely to work?

Take your existing capitalist, multiply him by some hundreds, and call the result shareholders; then run a pen through your existing manager, and make all your shareholders managers, and . . . there you are! It looks pretty enough on paper, especially to the eyes of its parent, who complacently avers that such a "concern," wisely ordered, organized, and directed, with power residing in an impartial board of experienced and instructed men, would be sounder, and as an investment safer, than the automatically managed theatres of to-day." Cannot Mr. Crawford see that in such a sentence as the above he begs the entire question? Of course, if the joint-stock theatre and its board of directors were called into existence, and should be found to deserve all the complimentary things predicted of it by Mr. Crawford in the lines we have just quoted, the long-sought-for dramatic Utopia would be ours; but unfortunately there is the "if." Those whose practical experience of the matter is the greatest believe that a theatre, like a ship, can only be safely managed on the autocratic principle; that a board of directors—no matter what nice things it may be possible to say about them on paper, especially before they have any existence—can only result in divided counsels, and prove a source of weakness, not of strength. Practical minds are well acquainted with the various motives whereby the backers of theatrical speculation are actuated, and foresee no improvement likely to arise from indefinitely increasing the number of those interested in any one theatrical speculation.

Mr. Crawford, with the pleasing vagueness which characterizes all his propositions, leaves it an open question whether the shareholders are to be the actors themselves or members of the outside public. At one time he seems to favour one view, at another the other; he talks, for instance, of the public starting theatres of their own, and then compares his proposed company to that of Shakspeare and his fellows at the Globe Theatre, in whose fortunes he surely does not imagine that the public had any financial interest. He does not, as we have said, desire a State subvention, but would have the Government and the Crown bestow "recognition" and "prestige" on well-conducted theatres. As to the precise form of such recognition and prestige he is discreetly silent—the supplying of details and particulars is not, indeed, one of his strong points—so we are left to wonder whether in the theatre of the future the disastrous financial effects of too rigid an adherence to the "higher interests of dramatic art" à la Crawford would be minimized by conferring C.B.'s or Privy Councillorships on the manager and principal actors, and by inviting the rank and file of the company to a garden-party at Buckingham Palace. Seriously speaking, the time has gone by, in this country at any rate, when the conferring of any honorary rank or distinction from Government or Court will compensate our actors for the lack of public favour. We have free-trade in amusements, which is every year gaining greater freedom, and cannot now reorganize our theatrical system on an Elizabethan or Continental model. It is all very well to call such a model *res publica in republicā*; but we suspect that in both such instances there may be found a strong spirit of *imperium* veiled behind this republican form—the *imperium* in bygone times of Elizabeth Tudor and of her Lord Chamberlain, or of the great nobles of her Court (who, by extending to the players the protection of their names, redeemed them from the statutory condition of vagabondage, and the pains and penalties incident thereto); and in these days the *imperium* of the subsidizing Government, which prescribes certain rules and exacts certain conditions as the price of its pecuniary assistance.

Mr. Oswald Crawford wonders that his opponents use no arguments against his schemes for company-conducted theatres; but, so long as his strictures on the past and present consist of loose generalizations, unsupported by the evidence of a single particular instance, while his plans for the future are entirely lacking in detail, and even in consistency of outline, practical men may be pardoned for considering it waste of time to analyse his ill-digested theories.

Actor-managers, and indeed every one who has any knowledge of our stage, must be well aware that Mr. Crawford's proposals are as they stand valueless, and that they must so continue until he condescends to enter a little further into particulars. Let him accept the challenge of Mr. Charles Wyndham, and tell us in which of our theatres the actor-manager *cru des* his satellites; and then let him go a step further and explain to us some of the details of his scheme for the future. Let us know who are the "experienced and instructed men" who would rule his theatre "without the help of an actor-manager," and incidentally let him inform us when and by whom "the thing has been done, and successfully done, even in England." References to Shakspeare and his contemporaries in this connexion we would rule out of court; the times have so changed, the conditions of our stage differ so widely from what they were three centuries ago, that we can admit no analogies drawn from its ancient history. Above all, let Mr. Crawford make clear to us how much individual share in the management of his joint-stock theatre he proposes to assign to each individual shareholder, and what restrictions, if any, he proposes to place on the allotment of such shares. If, strictly following his Elizabethan model, he would have his shares divided solely among the players who form the Company, we fear he may experience some difficulty in finding actors possessed of the requisite capital awaiting investment. But, though in one place Mr. Crawford tells us

that "the famous Elizabethan association of players and others, of whom Shakspeare was one, was, in truth, just such a joint-stock Company as in his article he recommended"; in another he says he would have his ideal Company not too exacting, at first, in the matter of dividends, and actuated by a wise generosity to its players"; by which, we take it, he would avail himself of the assistance of capitalists outside the theatre, to whom he would freely accord a voice and vote in the spending of their capital. Shakspeare himself is certainly not more unlike the modern actor-manager than is the Company in which he held a share unlike a modern joint-stock Company; and if Mr. Oswald Crawford is right, as we believe he is, in refusing to concede to Mr. Beerbohm-Tre the former analogy, he is by no means justified in attempting to press into his own service the latter. But, unless we go back to Shakspeare, Burbadge, and their fellows, how can we hold with Mr. Crawford that joint-stock management has ever succeeded in England? Once more we ask for particulars, and raise the cry of when and where? The fact is that the executive and administrative functions in a theatre can only be properly discharged by an autocratic head; such a head as is not lacking to the *republican in republics* of the Comédie Française. The relations of such a head with the superior power from whom he holds his authority and draws the finances require accurate adjustment, with a careful limitation of the functions of each. With regard to such adjustment and limitation difficulties have before this arisen in State-subsidizing countries, difficulties which the joint-stock Company system would undoubtedly increase. How far would each shareholder think it proper to exercise voice and vote in the control of the joint-stock theatre of the future? It is useless here to quote the analogy of other Companies with other objects. As Mr. Crawford very truly says—and we are glad at last to be able to quote something from him with which we agree—"in all times there has hung a certain glamour, a something of romance, round the player's calling." It is that very glamour which will constitute the difference between Mr. Crawford's shareholders and all other speculators in the market. People do not buy shares in Allsoppe or Guinness because they think they know how to brew, or in the Cunard or White Star Companies because they desire to exploit theories as to how to navigate an Atlantic liner; but how many of the theatrical shareholders of the future would be content without an active interference in the management of the concern? The fact is that all persons of theatrical tastes think they know something of how a theatre should be managed and how parts should be acted. It is this belief which bestows on us the amateur actor. Are we in future to owe to it the additional boon of the amateur manager? The mere possession of capital embarked in theatrical speculation will never produce "impartial boards of experienced and instructed men." Where are experience and instruction to be obtained save in the theatre itself? As Mr. Irving very pertinently reminds us, "In a country where there is no Academy the only professors of acting are the actors, and the only true school for acting is a well-conducted playhouse."

Not only have we no Conservatoire, but our provincial theatres have long ceased, owing to the prevalence of the system of touring companies, to be in any true sense a training ground for our young players. How does Mr. Crawford propose to meet the difficulty propounded by Mr. Irving? Would not a joint-stock Conservatoire, wherein all shareholders should have "a voice and a vote" in the teaching, be a fit school wherein the actor of the future might start to climb the ladder which should lead to the "recognition" and "prestige" accorded by Government and Court in the dramatic Utopia of Mr. Crawford?

RACING AT ASCOT.

BACKERS had a very satisfactory afternoon on the Tuesday of the Ascot Meeting, and the turn in their luck came none too soon. The two first races were won for them with the favourites by the very popular jockey Tom Cannon, and his victory with Simonian by a head, on the second of these occasions, in the Thirty-third Biennial, was a most masterly piece of riding. At the same time it showed that Simonian had been somewhat overrated; for, admitting that Gavotte is a smart filly, her public form had hardly been sufficiently high to lead one to expect her to oblige Simonian to exert himself to the last ounce, aided by the best of jockeyship, to beat her by a head. We noticed Alloway's victory for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at some length last week. The next race was that famous two-mile handicap, the Ascot Stakes, which was won for the second year in succession by Sir R. Jardine's Lord Lorne. His weight had only been increased according to the regular scale of weight for age, although he had won last year by three lengths, and had afterwards won a second race at Ascot, as well as another at Goodwood. It was all he could do, however, to win by half a length from Harfleur and three-quarters of a length from Lily of Lumley; and Gay Hampton had appeared to have the race in hand inside the distance, until he deliberately stopped opposite the Royal Enclosure; so no fault could be found with the handicapping, which was confined within the very narrow margin of 9 lbs. beyond weight for age, among the horses that actually started, and produced an excellent race. Then came a new and valuable race for two-year-olds in the Coventry Stakes of 1,817*l.*, a sum which would have been acceptable

towards the repayment of the cost of more than one expensive competitor, especially a certain colt which had cost 2,500 guineas as a yearling. It was destined, on the contrary, to be won by a home-bred colt, Mr. J. B. Leigh's The Deemster, a remarkably powerful rich brown son of Arbitrator and Rookery, a sire and dam whose deaths are much to be regretted, especially as the former was about the best stallion in Ireland. In spite of its being The Deemster's first race, he started first favourite, as he was understood to be about the highest-tried colt of his year; nor had the second or third favourite ever run in public before; and it seemed odd that Melody, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, should start at 10 to 1, while Forester, whom she had beaten by seven or eight lengths, at Epsom, a fortnight earlier, at even weights, was backed at 8 to 1, although he was now to give her 3 lbs. Melody and Forester finished sixth and seventh, and the race lay between The Deemster and a grand filly of Mr. D. Baird's called Siphonia, who had been the third favourite, and was beaten by a head. Mr. Maple's Grace Emily ran third, three lengths behind them. The Gold Vase produced an interesting race between the favourite, the Prince of Wales's filly by Bend Or out of Labyrinth, which he had purchased before the race for 2,500*l.*; Tyrant, the winner of the Chester Cup and four other races this season; L'Abbesse de Jouarre, the winner of the Manchester Cup and the Oaks of last year; and Rêve d'Or, the winner of the City and Suburban Handicap and the Oaks of 1887. The betting showed how much in common there is, as indeed there well may be, between a weight-for-age race with penalties and allowances and a handicap, as these four horses were backed within less than three points of each other, while Gonsalvo was backed at 8 to 1. As they approached the distance the race was quite as close as had been the betting. Gonsalvo and Rêve d'Or were the first to get into difficulties; then followed a brilliant race between the three favourites; Tyrant, who, at weight-for-age and sex, had an advantage of about 7 lbs. over L'Abbesse de Jouarre, beat her by a length and a half, and the Prince of Wales's filly, who was receiving 10 lbs. more than weight for age from that mare, ran within half a length of her. For the last race backers succeeded in exactly placing the four starters—Gold, John O'Gaunt (who had been purchased for 1,500 guineas by Lord Cholmondeley a few days earlier), Ronda, and Dark Blue.

To win the Thirty-second Biennial from a bad field, on the Wednesday, was but a poor compensation for Surefoot to make after his wretched failure for the Prince of Wales's Stakes on the previous day. Lord Calthorpe's plainish filly, Battle-Axe, won her first race in the Ascot Derby, and, as it was worth 1,225*l.*, she was rather lucky in doing so. Her opponents were of a very moderate class, and she was receiving weight from all of them; yet she only just scraped home a winner by a head. Lord Calthorpe won a more valuable race a couple of hours later, in the Coronation Stakes of 2,500*l.*, with his fine and well-shaped filly Heresy, who showed great improvement on her Liverpool and Newmarket form, by beating Semolina by a head at 7 lbs. Floranthe, to whom she was giving 7 lbs., was only beaten by a head for second place. This brought Heresy's total winnings to more than 5,000*l.*, and she is unquestionably a smart filly when at her best, although fickle and uncertain. The Royal Hunt Cup brought out two dozen starters, the largest field of the last ten years. During the week preceding the race the Prince of Wales's The Imp, the winner of the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes, had been the favourite; but at the start Lord Hartington's Morion, who had won the Payne Stakes by two lengths from Blue Green, was first favourite, and Colonel North's Philomel was second favourite. Very accurate, indeed, were the backers in thus apportioning their favours to this pair, as they finished first and second. In winning by three lengths Morion accomplished a very smart performance, and he was carrying the heaviest weight under which the race has ever been won by a three-year-old. It is a great pity that he was entered for neither the Derby nor the St. Leger, for his form represents him to be very nearly, if not quite, the best horse of his year; nor is that form at all belied by his appearance. For the Fernhill Stakes and the Thirty-eighth Triennial Stakes, two of the best public performers among the two-year-olds, Mr. L. de Rothschild's Bumptious and Lord Durham's Peter Flower, started with odds laid on them and won very easily.

For the St. James's Palace Stakes, on the Thursday, the Duke of Westminster's Orwell, who had run third for the Derby within a length of the winner, showed his untrustworthiness and floored his backers by only running fourth. The race was won, after a very pretty struggle, by Mr. Milner's good-looking screw, Janissary, who had gone to the starting-post in anything rather than the style likely to satisfy a veterinary surgeon. Mr. Milner's Rousseau, the favourite for the Twenty-eighth New Biennial, had not hitherto shown first-class form; yet he was preferred to Forester, Warrington, and the three-year-old Heresy, who was giving to each of the two-year-olds sex and 9 lbs. more than weight for age. Rousseau won pretty comfortably, if not exactly easily; and it may have been partly on the strength of his victory that Colonel North's 2,300-guinea colt, Sir Frederick Roberts, who had finished three lengths in front of him at Manchester, was made favourite for the New Stakes of 1,979*l.* That race, however, was won in a canter, by three lengths, by Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Orvieto, whose defeat, by a neck and 2 lbs., for the Whitsuntide Plate by Reverend, had probably been a fluke; otherwise Reverend's bad third to

Bumptious and Conifer for the Fern Hill Stakes would detract from the merits of Orvieto's victory. Winners of a Two Thousand, a Grand Prix, and a Champion Stakes, in Enthusiast, Vasistas, and Gold, ran for the Ascot Cup; yet the field could not be called first-rate. On coming round the turn into the straight Gold was leading, and immediately afterwards Webb steadied him. Enthusiast led up the hill to the Spagnoletti-board, where he was beaten, and the lead was then taken by Philomel and Vasistas. The race now appeared to lie entirely between this pair, of which Philomel soon got the best of it. Danger, however, was threatening from another quarter; for about hundred yards from the winning-post, Webb made one long rush with Prince Soltykoff's Gold and won a fine race by half a length from Philomel, who was ridden by Tom Cannon. An hour later Webb won the All-Aged Stakes for the same owner, from the same jockey, by the same distance. Odds had been laid on Juggler, but he managed to defeat him with Mephisto. Both horses are exceedingly brilliant under heavy weights over very short courses, and, as Juggler was now giving 3 lbs. to Mephisto, they ran about equally well. Mr. J. Hammond's Laureate was made a strong favourite for the Rous Memorial Stakes, and he brought disaster upon his backers by only running fifth. The race was won by the Duke of Portland's St. Serf, and it was rather a surprise that he should give 12 lbs. and a beating to Martagon, who had run within a length and a neck of the winner in the Derby. He has, perhaps, been rather lucky in winning both the Epsom Grand Prize and the Rous Memorial Stakes at Ascot, two races worth 3,167*l.* by a head. Amphion had no difficulty in beating Lord George for the twenty-seventh New Biennial, as was likely enough, considering that a year ago he had beaten him for the same race when giving him 10 lbs. more weight.

Guisard, who had run eight times as a two-year-old and once as a three-year-old without winning a race, but had run very well for the Hunt Cup, was made first favourite for the Ascot High-Weight Plate. He made all the running, and won by two lengths. Baron de Rothschild supplied the favourite for the Windsor Castle Stakes in Beauharnais, a magnificent bay colt by Archiduc, with plenty of bone, size, and length, who was running in public for the first time. He led from the start to the winning-post, and his career will be watched with much interest. A field of twenty-two came out for the Wokingham Stakes, and Mr. H. T. Fenwick's Day Dawn, a 16-to-1 outsider, won by half a length from Miss Dollar, the first favourite. Lactantius, who had beaten Signorina a week earlier, ran third, a couple of lengths behind the winner, to whom he was giving no less than 23 lbs. The Alexandra Plate, which is run for over a three-mile course, was won by the somewhat gaunt Netheravon, who, although a five-year-old, had never won a race before in his life. He ran in blinkers, and as he made the whole of the running, and was never fairly collared, his courage was not tested; otherwise the result might have been different. Philomel, who gave him six and 10 lbs., and ran second, was very unlucky in finishing second for the Hunt Cup, the Gold Cup, and the Alexandra Plate. For the Queen's Stand Plate, one of the best two-year-old public performers was tried with a couple of the best five-year-old and aged "sprinters." Bumptious was the favourite, although some people greatly fancied Mephisto and Noble Chieftain. The two-year-old completely routed his seniors; for coming away at the road, Bumptious bounded up the hill in grand style, and won by two lengths from Noble Chieftain. If the two-year-old form proved better than that of the older horses, the same could not be said of the three-year-old form; for Sainfoin and Surefoot, the winners of the Derby and the Two Thousand, who were first and second favourites for the Hardwicke Stakes of 2,524*l.*, seemed to be about to finish in the positions that had been assigned to them in the betting-ring, when the four-year-old Amphion, who was not only giving each of them about 3 lbs. more than weight for age, but running over a course supposed to be considerably beyond his tether, rushed up at the distance and, gliding between them, won easily. He was now meeting Sainfoin on 13 lbs. better terms, at weight for age, than when he had been unplaced to him at Sandown in April, so the result could not exactly be called a reversal of public form; but it goes far to show that when they foretold last autumn that the three-year-olds of this season would be exceptionally brilliant, the prophets were uninspired. In the last race of the meeting, Blue Green, on whom 3 to 1 was laid, only just beat Grand Prior, to whom he was giving 12 lbs., by a short head, and Fontainebleau, to whom he was giving 5 lbs., by three-quarters of a length, after a desperate race over the new mile. If this was his true form, it was not surprising that Alloway should beat him by a head at 10 lbs. for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. From first to last, the Meeting was a great success—even for Ascot, which is saying much!

EXHIBITIONS.

THAT the venerable Cardinal Newman should have had the fortitude to sit for his portrait since he entered his ninetieth year is, in itself, a remarkable fact; and even a picture of him, taken under those circumstances, which had no artistic value would be an object of some interest. But the large three-quarters portrait, in full face, by Miss Emmeline Deane, which is now on view at 179 New Bond Street, has considerable merit of a purely

artistic character. The beautiful face, underneath its natural crown of soft blond hair, not yet wholly blanched by time, smiles out with its wonted air of serenity and candour; the brilliant eyes are scarcely dimmed by time. The whole aspect is one of extraordinary freshness and alertness for so great an age, and that in a man never distinguished for very robust health. Miss Deane's treatment of the scarlet and black of the costume is praiseworthy, and the whole work is one which would have taken a good place at the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It is hardly likely that the Cardinal will ever choose to undergo the weariness of "sitting" again, and it is worth consideration whether Miss Deane's portrait should not be engraved.

At the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street, Mr. Henry B. Wimbush, whose name is unknown to us, exhibits a collection of one hundred water-colour drawings taken on a tour from London to Land's End by way of the Thames. Mr. Wimbush is a follower of Mr. Birket Foster; he seems to have the same ambitions and similar methods. Those who are enthusiastic in their admiration of the latter artist, especially in his vignette-pieces of architecture and foliage, will not refuse to praise the former. His drawings are not arranged with any attempt at geographical distribution; we begin at the Land's End, and end there. Pretty examples of Mr. Wimbush's art, which is not strong or original, are "The Abbey, Bath" (8); "St. David's Hill, Exeter" (29), with its picturesque row of fifteenth-century houses; "Whitesands Bay" (35), with well-drawn Atlantic waves rolling in from the west; and "Truro Cathedral" (97), seen from below, from the further side of the little river. Mr. Wimbush's drawings, if carefully engraved, would make pleasant illustrations for some volume of summer travel.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. This was not generally expected, although the money market has been stringent all through the week. In the outside market the rate of discount had on Wednesday advanced to 3*1/2* per cent., and the Bank of England, consequently, had been doing a large business both in discounting and advances. It was generally thought that the Directors would be satisfied with this state of things. They had practically got control of the market, they could reasonably hope they would be able to retain control, and, therefore, to make the 3 per cent. rate effective throughout the summer. And it was argued that it would be better to do this than raise the rate to 4 per cent., with the probability that that rate could not be made effective. The Directors, however, have decided otherwise. Probably they are aware that the foreign demand for gold will increase, and they think it their duty, therefore, to take early precaution, and, if possible, prevent withdrawals.

The American House of Representatives, as was generally anticipated, has rejected the amendments to the Silver Bill made by the Senate, and has asked for a conference with that body. The impression in the City is that the conference will result in an arrangement, and that a Bill will be passed probably providing for the purchase every month of 4*1/2* million dollars' worth of silver. The uncertainty that prevails, however, has nearly stopped all business in the market, and the price of the metal is only about 47*1/2*d. The demand for India Council bills and telegraphic transfers, however, continues strong, the applications on Wednesday having been for between three and four times the amount offered for tender, the average price received for bills being 1*s.* 6*1/2*d. per rupee.

As the Four and a Half per Cent. Indian Rupee Loans become payable in September 1893, the Indian Government notifies that holders may, during the remainder of the present year, if they so please, exchange the Four and a Half per Cents for Four per Cents at par, receiving within a week after conversion the $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to which they would be entitled up to September 15th, 1893. The option will probably be very largely taken advantage of. By so doing investors may hope to gain in two ways—firstly, they will receive at once three years' interest at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, to which they would be entitled if they did not convert; and, secondly, they may reasonably expect to see a rise in the price of the Four per Cents, while the Four and a Half per Cents are not likely to advance. If the credit of the Indian Government continues as good as it is at present, it will certainly pay off at par in September 1893 whatever portion of the Four and a Half per Cents has not been previously converted. Therefore the Four and a Half per Cents cannot be expected to rise; but a conversion of the Four per Cents is not to be anticipated for a considerable time; and meanwhile, if silver continues to rise, speculation in the Four per Cents will go on, and there will be an advance in the price.

The Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange this week was as difficult as had been expected. The joint-stock banks make up their accounts for the first half of the year on the last day of June; and, as they wish to have it believed that they usually hold more cash than they really do, they are in the habit of calling in a few days previously loans from the Stock Exchange and the discount market, so as to be able to show in their balance-sheets considerable amounts of money in hand and at the Bank of England. It is a mischievous practice, both because it creates

a false impression and because it seriously inconveniences business. Very large amounts were called in this week, more particularly from members of the Stock Exchange engaged in the market for American railroad securities. In consequence many dealers found it difficult on Wednesday morning to carry over their accounts, and were obliged to pay from 7 to 8 per cent., and in some cases more. Yet bankers lent at about 4½ per cent., and the amount of stock to be carried over had been greatly reduced during the fortnight. The pressure was less in other departments than in the American, but in all carrying-over rates were decidedly higher than a fortnight previously. That this was due rather to the action of the joint-stock banks than to the magnitude of the accounts to be settled seems to be proved by the fact that markets were firm throughout the day, and, indeed, in the American department there was an advance in the afternoon.

The allotments of the new Egyptian Preference Loan were sent out on Monday evening, applicants getting about 12 per cent. of the amounts they applied for—that is to say, the loan was subscribed for more than eight times over. It is to be recollect that when the applications were sent in the new scrip was quoted on the Stock Exchange at a premium of about 6*l.*, and, consequently, speculators applied for much more than they either expected or indeed wished to get. It is said that, though subscriptions were opened in Paris, Berlin, and Frankfort, as well as in London, the French and German applications in London were on an enormous scale. And they would have been still larger had not Messrs. Rothschild closed the subscription list so early. Since then the price of the new scrip has fallen to about 1½ premium, partly because of sales by speculative applicants, but chiefly, no doubt, because of the stringency in the money market. At the present price the scrip seems cheap if compared with most Continental Government bonds—especially Russian, Italian, Hungarian, Austrian, or Turkish. At 92½, or a little over, it yields the investor about 3½ per cent. on the money invested. The Preference Loan ranks before the Unified. Therefore, the whole interest of the Unified must be lost before that of the Preference can be endangered. Egypt, besides, is in British occupation, and its administration is looked after by our own Government. Lastly, Egypt cannot borrow without the consent of all the Powers. Its Preference bonds, therefore, seem a much better security than the bonds of Continental States, which are always borrowing, and are exposed to such formidable political dangers. Of course Egypt is not without dangers of its own, and the investor will also do well to bear in mind that just at present there are two kinds of new Preference securities. The holders of old Preference bonds receive on conversion a new bond of the nominal value of 100*l.*, 9*l.* in cash, and 2*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* for interest up to the 15th of October next. The new bond, therefore, given for an old bond, will receive no interest until April of next year. To provide the cash paid in this way, to redeem the Four and a Half per Cent. Loan, and to furnish 1,300,000*l.* needed for irrigation works and commutation of pensions, new bonds were also issued against cash subscriptions, and this new scrip has coupons attached for the interest accruing till October next. The investor, therefore, who does not wish to wait for interest till April next will do well to bear this distinction in mind.

“BEVER” NO MORE.

IT may be interesting for all old Etonians, and for old Collegers in particular, to read the news that ‘Bever’ is abolished. Such are the words that begin an obituary notice of this institution in the last number of the *Eton College Chronicle*. For the benefit of those of our readers who have not had the privilege of being educated on Henry VI’s noble foundation, and who will not, therefore, feel the proper shock of horror at reading the above quotation, we may explain the meaning of the institution and the etymology of the name. The word “Bever” then is derived from the Latin *bibere*, through the old French *beire*, and is defined in Dr. Murray’s New Dictionary as “A small repast between meals; a snack, nuncleon, or lunch; especially one in the afternoon between mid-day dinner and supper.” The word was once in fairly common use, and has subsisted down to the present time at Eton, where we may take it that it has been used continuously, since the foundation, to describe a frugal meal of bread and beer provided for the Collegers during the summer months between mid-day dinner and supper, exactly as Dr. Murray describes. All old Collegers know how pleasant it was in the summer afternoons to leave the heat and dust of the playing fields for the cool of Hall, and many an Oppidan friend has been asked in to partake of the college fare at this informal meal. But all this is ended. “Bever” has gone, and its requiem is sounded in the article from which we have quoted, and with an expression which we are inclined to resent.

For, though the tone of the article is on the whole regretful, yet we would fain have seen another expression substituted for that word “interesting.” It is as if one should write, “It may be interesting to you to know that your mother has lost an arm.” It is not that tone of the lover to his mistress that the good Conservative and the good Etonian should adopt.

We suppose it is all as it should be, that this “portion and parcel of the dreadful past” should follow many another custom, now grown shadowy, down the dismal alleys of *præterita*. It

is a very new Eton in many ways that greets the bewildered old Etonian now. What with Queen’s Schools and no School Library, and a new set of playing fields, and the monstrosities in Weston’s Yard, and the vagaries of the Local Board, and that never to be sufficiently damned piece of ugliness that now represents Barnes Pool Bridge, an Etonian of even a decade ago can hardly find his way about the once so familiar haunts. So much is open to all to view; but the old Colleger hath other and peculiar sorrows of his own. It is not only that without a guide he now scarce dare set foot inside New Buildings; for though the old Colleger was content enough with New Buildings as they were, yet that material comfort has been increased he cannot deny. But, alas! the exigencies of Lady Matrons have swallowed that Library which was his particular joy, the classic haunt of the Lower Tea Room is deserted for ever, the innocent and honest old custom of drinking the pious founder’s memory in a grace-cup after hall on St. Nicholas Day, and of drinking, as a loyal foundation should, the Queen’s health on her birthday, has perished, we fear, for ever; and now comes the crowning evil in this year of grace, and the purgation of College, as it were by little Liver Pills (quite harmless, and easy to take), is, we suppose, accomplished.

For 450 years Collegers have partaken of that humble meal of bread and beer, have sought the cool shades of Henry’s noble dining-hall for that mild refreshment, and have been proud to entertain Oppidan friends who disdained not the Spartan fare. If only that the word “Bever” itself might not become a *nominis umbra* the remorseless authorities might have paused. Indeed, it was cruelly done. But when some five or six years ago grace-cup was found to be out of keeping with the teetotal spirit of the age, and boiled salmon was substituted in its place, we should have known what to expect. The prophet’s eye might have seen that the days of “Bever” also were numbered, that the “little systems” of the pious founder had “had their day,” and therefore had better “cease to be.” “Bever” is gone, and we believe the authorities in substitution intend to allow each Colleger a mug of toast and water on Sundays throughout the year. It is the day of the faddist, and a vegetarian dinner in Hall and compulsory Dr. Jaeger’s underclothing are looming like nightmares through the mists of the future.

Come, let us reason together with our reformers. What harm does any one pretend was done by the poor old institution? Was that slender meal a scene of debauchery, or an occasion of dissipation; was the College beer of too potent a character for its youthful quaffers? Maybe the College bread has, ere now, found peaceful resting-place behind some potent, grave, and reverend signor’s effigy; perhaps the presentment of the erstwhile first gentleman in Europe has sometimes served as target for the pellets of Collegers in his second year, who now, casting off the childish things of his time of fagging, fears not God and regards not man. But what of it? Is that reason why the remorseless deeps of oblivion should close over the kindly old custom? Where were the avenging deities when this foul plot was laid? It ill becomes an ancient foundation to be too nicely casting of reasons, and the steel yard of utilitarianism should be to her as a thing accursed.

We old fogeys grumble, but we suppose we must content ourselves with our protest, and, remembering a melancholy proverb about dogs and days, look clearly in the face the fact that the day of the Fine Old Eton Colleger has long sunk beneath the horizon of time.

REVIEWS.

CHURCH AND STATE UNDER THE TUDORS.*

THE subject of Mr. Child’s book is one which well deserves attention, though it is probable that a great many books will have to be written before general principles are established. However, Mr. Child’s contribution shows an adequate conception of the foundations of sound knowledge, and is a testimony to the value of the work done by Bishop Stubbs in his Historical Appendix to the Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission. Such work receives little recognition at the time, but it has its reward in the future; and Mr. Child is modest enough to acknowledge the extent of his obligation to Bishop Stubbs’s collection of documents, and to his historical statements. But it seems to us that he has not sufficiently recognized the full importance of all Bishop Stubbs’s cautious remarks; and this arises from the fact that he is poorly equipped with knowledge respecting the institutions of the mediæval Church. He has confined his researches within the limits of the Tudor period, and trusts too much to unaided common sense for the interpretation of the statutes of the sixteenth century. Yet it is clear that amending Acts are to be read with careful reference to that which they amend, and what they do not say is quite as significant as what they do say. The disregard of this consideration has affected Mr. Child’s conclusions more than he supposes.

It is true that Mr. Child does not write from a polemical point of view. He is the plain man who is free from prepossessions, and is simply engaged in drawing such inferences as the facts

justify. But this is not such an easy matter as it seems, and the straightforward method of solving constitutional questions is not always successful. Thus Mr. Child begins by disposing of what he rightly calls the "misleading phrase, the National Church," as applied to anything which existed in England before the Reformation. He shows conclusively enough that during the middle ages the Western Church was one and indivisible, possessing its own laws and its own organization, prior to, and independent of, the existence of any nation of modern Europe. He overthrows easily enough that unhistorical form of Anglican theory which finds in the past a national Church, and claims that the Reformation was only a process of restoration. But he does not take into account the position of those Anglicans who recognize the facts of history and trace during the period of the middle ages a gradual change in the administration of the Church owing to the decline of the episcopal power before the extension of the Papal monarchy. The growth of absolutism involves a great many changes in official relationships, and the relations of each branch of Western Christendom to the Papacy were determined by historical conditions. There is a sense in which it may be said that national Churches existed in the middle ages; and the Fathers of the Council of Constance only recognized an actual fact when they adopted an organization of their members according to nations. There was always a body of opinion in favour of restoring the old episcopal and synodical jurisdiction by limiting the Papal headship.

From a constitutional aspect this was the starting point of Henry VIII.'s legislation, and this was the reason why it was so difficult for the clergy to find a sure ground for opposing it. Absolutism is always founded on the opportunity of holding the balance. *Ἐκ προστατικῆς ρήσης ἐκθλαστανεῖ τύπαννος* is a generalization universally applicable. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the clergy knew that they were regarded with jealous eyes by the laity; they knew that they deserved it; and they did not see how they could set matters straight. The need of reform was obvious; but how was it to begin? The natural officers to undertake it were the bishops. But their spiritual authority was reduced to a shadow by the system of Papal exemptions, Papal appeals, and Papal legations. They had almost ceased to be regarded as spiritual functionaries, owing to their constant employment as officers of State. The reforming movement of the General Councils had failed in its endeavour to curb the Papal autocracy, and revive the episcopal power. The Papacy held out no hopes of initiating any reform, which must necessarily run counter to its own interests. What was to be done? England was not a country to sit still; but Englishmen were constitutionally opposed to revolutionary measures. The question was, in their eyes, a question of internal policy; new conditions of social and economic life required a readjustment of the relations of the Church with the increasing development of the activity of the State and the rise in importance of the middle classes. For this purpose England required a strong government, and Wolsey laboured to strengthen the royal power at home and win for England a commanding position in European politics. While pursuing these objects he contrived to gather into his own hands the chief power in Church and State. In the State he was the minister of the King, in the Church he was the legate of the Pope; but he used his legatine authority avowedly for national purposes, and made it clear that the Pope could not say no to his proposals. His method of procedure was not exactly determined, and it is hard to say whether he was really desirous of becoming Pope himself or no. But if he were not elected Pope he certainly intended to reduce the papacy into subservience to his own plans, and to secure for the English legate an authority which would be practically independent of the papacy, and would be used for national reform. The means on which Wolsey relied was the commanding position of England in European politics. But Henry VIII. precipitated matters by raising a personal question at a time when the European balance was disturbed by the preponderance of Charles V., and Wolsey had to try his method prematurely on a subject not of his own choice, on a subject, moreover, which was morally indefensible, and was ill adapted for raising any question of principle.

Wolsey failed, and with him failed the scheme of the Conservative reformers who were willing to replace the Papal power in England by an authority which was really national, but derived its constitutional power in a regular manner from the papacy itself. It is quite natural that this plan has left no definite records of its existence. It was not a matter to be committed to paper, but was being worked out in practice. It was generally understood and was silently acquiesced in by English churchmen—doubtless with some reluctance on the part of many. It was this acquiescence which gave its force to Henry VIII.'s apparently arbitrary proceeding of involving the clergy in the penalties of a *præmunire*. He practically said to their leaders, "You were prepared to work for objects which you approved under the colourable pretext that they could be achieved by legatine authority; but you knew that that authority was really extorted from the Pope by the pressure of the influence of the State. You have seen that the project, which was tried to satisfy your scruples, has failed. It follows that the same course must be followed, but the form of procedure must be modified. The power of the English Crown must be set more decidedly in the foreground. I will use the old rights of the Crown to give you a good ground for putting yourselves under my protection. Then, speaking in the name

of the English Church as well as the English State, I will pursue the objects which we all have at heart." There was enough truth in this argument to make the suggestion plausible; the leaders of the clergy had already gone so far that it was hard to draw a line between connivance in the former policy and acceptance of that now proposed. Doubtless they flattered themselves that a vague recognition of the royal supremacy was only a prelude to a restoration of the ecclesiastical system freed from the inconveniences of Papal interference. Such considerations explain the career of a man like Gardiner, who is a cause of perplexity to Mr. Child.

The subsequent course of affairs under Henry VIII. only illustrates the disappointment of the hopes of the English reformers. The King played off the clergy, the laity, and the Pope against one another. He did some things which were useful, and some things which were not; but he considered the interest of the royal power more than the reform of the Church, and he took care that all that was lost to the papacy should be won by the Crown. Mr. Child has not paid attention to Bishop Stubbs's careful analysis of Henry VIII.'s extension of the royal supremacy. At first he used it to repress Papal claims which had always been objected to; then claims which had long been admitted; then claims which were contrary to the diocesan and metropolitan constitution of the Church. When he had advanced so far he did not proceed to restore that old constitution in its integrity, but he left it in the condition of dependence to which it had been reduced by the papacy, and transferred to the Crown the exceptional and visitatorial power claimed by the Pope. The real point for an investigation such as Mr. Child has undertaken is to trace clearly the working of this anomalous authority through subsequent experiments. Mr. Child gives a clear enough narrative of facts; but he has not been sufficiently sure what are the exact points which he is endeavouring to determine. The constitution of the Church was not altered; but the Papal jurisdiction was abolished, and it was not clear what had taken its place. No general principles of abstract constitutional legality can be gathered from the proceedings of Henry VIII. or Edward VI. It was Elizabeth who first tried to define the relations between Church and State, and the general bewilderment of all men, clergy and laity alike, rendered it hard for her to make herself understood. Mr. Child does not regard the definition of the royal supremacy given in Elizabeth's first statute as worthy of comment; yet it is the keynote of all that followed, and showed a sense of the points at issue. Elizabeth was oversanguine in hoping that one ecclesiastical system could contain the divergent opinions of all her subjects; but she was resolved to establish that system on a purely ecclesiastical basis. It is quite true that there were few besides the Queen who had much grasp of the principles of the old system of the Church. Elizabeth could have swept it away had she been so minded. The best men whom she could find to work it were half-hearted and did not well know what they were doing. But Elizabeth persisted in demanding that the bishops should do their duty and refusing to interfere in their business. When she did interfere, it was to order them to do their duty. Her suspension of Grindal was because he refused to keep such order amongst the clergy as she, in her position of head of the State, judged to be necessary for the national welfare. Even so, he was only suspended from the temporal functions of his office, and his spiritual position was not diminished. She was resolute in refusing to allow Parliament any meddling in ecclesiastical matters. Her position was that the Church must be regulated by the bishops, and that it was their duty to work the machine without causing undue friction. She deprecated premature attempts to close open questions; within the limits which were necessary for the preservation of national unity she wished that ecclesiastical differences should be regulated by episcopal authority. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that the Laudian basis of the Church was what Elizabeth wished to see, though she would have been too wise to permit the feverish activity with which Laud attempted to realize his aims all at once on a basis which was political rather than ecclesiastical.

This attitude of Elizabeth is generally overlooked, and it is almost a commonplace that Elizabeth overrode her bishops. So far as they would not rise to a conception of their duty she certainly strove to stir up their zeal; but she allowed them greater independence than any officials of the State. It is sometimes amusing to note how the history of the Church is judged by a different standard from the history of the State. No one would think of studying the principles of the English Constitution from the records of Tudor sovereigns. It is admitted that old principles, though not destroyed, were in many ways set aside, and were only restored by the Great Rebellion. Mr. Child is following good authorities in applying to the English Church a method of investigation which he would at once see was not applicable to the English State. He asks us to find in Tudor legislation and the abnormal proceedings of a revolutionary time the primary principles of the constitutional history of the English Church. We remember some little time ago a letter of Lord Grimthorpe to the *Times*, in which he expressed a fervent wish for a few hours of Elizabeth's strong hand to deal with inconvenient bishops and sacerdotal pretensions. Doubtless many of his readers cordially agreed with him, and did not stop to think how the revived régime of Elizabeth would affect Prime Ministers and Parliament. We suspect that the Archbishop of Canterbury would fare better than Mr. Gladstone or

Lord Salisbury; and assuredly many members of the House of Commons would meet with short shrift. It is quite shocking to think what fate would have befallen Lord Grimthorpe for publishing a seditious libel against the Queen's Majesty by venturing to offer his advice about ecclesiastical affairs. This may serve as an instance of the temptation which always exists to isolate the history of the Church from the general considerations by which other questions are judged. The constitutional history of the English Church is complicated, and it cannot be taken up light-heartedly at some particular point. Rights which are over-ridden for a time are by no means necessarily obsolete; and nothing has ever occurred to cut off the Church of England from the whole heritage of the past. It is easy to dogmatize from a scanty collection of facts, but safe conclusions are only to be reached by a wide survey. Mr. Child has applied his common sense within a narrow area; but his common sense does not carry him so far as he imagines. The most permanently useful part of his work is an appendix which contains the chief ecclesiastical statutes of the sixteenth century.

NOVELS.*

THE Failure of Elisabeth, in spite of its clumsy title, and of the annoying circumstance that Mrs. Poynter has chosen to give a French name to its English heroine, is a story after Mrs. O'Leary—and not so very far after Mrs. O'Leary. It contains three good women and a bad man, and also a moderately good man; but the latter is a person of scientific attainments, and though he is generally at hand when required, he is shadowy and has not much to do with the story. The really important person, and the hero, is the bad man. His name was Robert Holland, and he was a parson, of lowly birth and breeding, indifferent manners, great vanity and selfishness, sordid motives, and considerable piety. He married Elisabeth, a little, ignorant, harmless, and rather commonplace schoolgirl, because she had 300/- a year, and she married him because he was the first man who had ever spoken to her, and she adored him. It was not, and it did not come to, good. Bit by bit her illusions were destroyed, until at last she accidentally discovered the discreditable secret of his earlier years. Holland was a great invalid, and carried on a perennial flirtation with one of his parishioners, a vulgar girl about his wife's age. So that Elisabeth did not have a cheerful time. However, it was not long; for it pleased Providence to remove the reverend gentleman when his wife was little more than twenty-two years old. The story contains some very lifelike and entertaining sketches of the manners and customs of British subjects habitually resident in foreign boarding-houses. Mrs. Poynter seems to have a poor opinion of clergymen as a class. An accident in binding, whereby pp. 305-320 of the third volume have totally disappeared, deprives us of the opportunity of forming an opinion as to the merits of the description of Mr. Holland's death. We hope it does not extend to the whole edition.

A lunatic named Cecil Avernel lay sick of a fever. He was nursed by his cousin and neighbour Edith, a handsome, massive, and slightly blighted spinster of thirty. She was blighted by a tremendous and totally unreciprocated passion for Cecil, who was four or five years her junior, and she had a fine house in the country, a mansion in Belgrave Square, and a fortune of 50,000/- a year, all entirely at her own disposal. During his illness or his convalescence it occurred to Cecil that the world was in want of a new religion, and that he would give it one. As soon as he had recovered he set up as a prophet, engaged offices in Sloane Street, and began to build a surprising and enormous joss-house at Knightsbridge. Edith paid. He called his religion the New Faith; but it was, in fact, far from new, as will be seen from its character, and the circumstance that the action of the story takes place at about the time of the boozing of General Boulanger. It (the Faith) was rendered more piquant by the possession of a secret, known only to Cecil, which he intended to reveal to his followers when the Knightsbridge joss-house was opened for the miscellaneous expression of benevolent sentiments which took the place of worship. Consequently much public interest was taken in the Faith. "What was known about the great Faith was liked immensely. It was just the faith to be liked [the italics are the author's]. Practical, soothing, broad, it cared nothing for details of belief; it had a profound pity, but no scorn, towards sinners. Sin, indeed, was looked upon as a horrible disfiguring disease, to be treated, not in the old drastic way by contumely (which always killed instead of curing), but by affectionate solicitude—a tender leading back to higher ways and better things. It appealed also directly to common sense.

* *The Failure of Elisabeth.* By E. Frances Poynter, Author of "My Little Lady" &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

The New Faith: a Romantic History of It. By Charles T. C. James, Author of "A Bird of Paradise" &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

Dead and Buried: a Romance of Christchurch. By Mary H. Pickersgill-Cunliffe, Author of "They Twain." London: Gilbert & Rivington. 1890.

Saved by a Looking-Glass. By Edgar H. Wells. London: Digby & Long. 1890.

In a Frozen Hand. A Novel. By Farley Miller. London: Henry J. Drane.

My Lady Nicotine. By J. M. Barrie. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

There were springing up all over London cheap eating-houses where the poor and needy could obtain meals far under cost price, the balance of the account being defrayed by the charity fund of the New Faith"—that is, by Edith. In short, it was nothing whatever but the bletherings of the late Mr. Hinton and other advocates of "altruism" and "humanitarianism," combined with a childish anger with political economy and the facts of existence in general and the Charity Organization Society in particular. Very easy, therefore, was the *descensus Averneli*. "His eager face and slim figure, his slight limp—all these characteristics became as familiar to Londoners as St. Paul's or the National Gallery. People stopped in the streets and looked after him with strange curiosity as he hurried past on some errand of mercy." Fools are so rare in London that, if one did come and set up shop in Sloane Street, he would, no doubt, attract a great deal of attention. While the Faith was beginning to boom, Cecil going on an errand of mercy made the acquaintance of Kate Warrick, who was an actress. So miraculous was the power of the New Faith that it occurred to him that it might be possible to save the soul even of a member of so despised and degraded a caste. He, therefore, intrepidly set about converting Miss Warrick; and, finding her to be a very pretty girl, fell head over ears in love with her. He introduced her to his friends. Edith, her heart wrung with anguish, took Kate to her bosom. Lady Marlow, Cecil's aunt, a worldly woman, who had, notwithstanding, been led to "leave" the worn-out Church of England, and become a constant woolgatherer in Sloane Street, employed the girl as her companion, and showed her, for the good of her soul, how ladies ought to behave. Kate Warrick was, in fact, horribly bored by the New Faith; but she liked being made a lady of, and *en attendant* became engaged to Cecil and put up with his nonsense as well as she could. She did not have to wait long. Lady Marlow's son, Lord Marlow, came home, saw, loved, and suggested to her to chuck Cecil over and marry him, to which she joyfully consented. Through the machinations of a depraved and deceitful parson connected with the Charity Organization Society, the fatal intelligence was conveyed to Cecil on the very morning when he was going to open the new joss-house, and reveal to an awe-stricken, fashionable, and innumerable congregation the great secret which was to put the coping-stone on the edifice of the New Faith, and procure its immediate and universal acceptance, to the exclusion of all other forms of religious belief. It was a terrible shock to Cecil, and when he arrived at the joss-house it was complicated by the unpleasant circumstance that, after all, there was no secret to reveal. So, as soon as he came upon the platform, he succumbed to a stroke of paralysis. He partly recovered, gibbered for some months, and died in Edith's arms. Mr. James tells this interesting story in indifferent English, with a tiresome reiteration of meaningless catchwords.

Dead and Buried is a short story, extending over a good many years, of country life in the reign of Charles I. There were two brothers, Jack and Hal, and a sister Joan, and a lover or two (who had nothing much to do with the story). In their childhood a witch made a prophecy about Hal which they could not understand; but when he had suffered the "humorous and lingering" penalties of high treason (for harbouring a popish priest), and his ghost came and signified to Joan and Jack that he wanted to be buried all in one grave, they understood it. Also they fulfilled it, with some difficulty, by collecting his remains from here and there, and burying them in the churchyard. Then the ghost was satisfied, and kept quiet, after the manner of well-bred ghosts whose wishes have been attended to. The story, the *dénouement* of which comes dangerously near suggesting the reports of a Whitechapel inquest, is rather nicely told in the plaintive and pseudo-old-fashioned style which seems to imply that our forefathers carried on the business of life in a halo of conscious romance.

For sixty-seven pages *Saved by a Looking-Glass* goes maudlin on about nothing in the style of an industrious but rather shallow schoolboy. But the first words on p. 68 are "horrid glutinous substance covering my face and my hands," and we are in the middle of a noble murder. After that the story descends to the level of the *Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. The hero, who tells the story in the first person, was, of course, suspected of the horrid deed, but Mr. Wells makes hardly any attempt to mystify the reader. At least if he does attempt it, his endeavour is rewarded with the least possible success. There is a funny passage where the lovers meet for the first time after the hero has been accused of murder. They deliberately talk Mrs. Radcliffe in the second person singular ("Take back the troth thou gavest me." . . . "Thinkest thou that I can play at love? . . . Even as the ivy clings to the oak which, stricken by cruel lightning, is bereft of its own verdure, I cling to thee"), until they have renewed and confirmed their "troth" and as soon as that is done, they resume by an abrupt transition the language of ordinary life. Mr. Wells seems to think that it is a crime to cut a man's throat involuntarily and unconsciously while in a trance produced by strange drugs.

It is rather hard to say anything of *In a Frozen Hand* except that it is a very poor shillingworth. No one in the story is in any way interesting or remarkable. The plot is confused without making one want it to be cleared up. The title is taken from the circumstance that, as the villain is eloping with the heroine (whom he has induced to accompany him by false pretences) in a balloon, they descend upon a frozen lake, and she descrees under

the ice the corpse of her lover (with whom she had supposed herself to be when she entered the balloon), with a piece of the villain's hair in his hand—the lover having, in fact, been thrown out of the same balloon into the lake by the villain a few days previously. The situation in itself may not be altogether bad, but it is so led up to as not to interest the reader in the least.

Mr. J. M. Barrie publishes in a volume under the title of *My Lady Nicotine* some very good newspaper articles. "The Murder in the Inn," and the three chapters following "Arcadians at Bay," in particular, are excellent, and are good reading even in the book; but the general effect of the volume, through most of which a more or less continuous purpose runs, is less good. The japes serve their turn well enough, but Mr. Barrie can do and has done much better than this, and there is every reason to hope that he will again.

ANCIENT ATHENS.*

AS the central point of Greek history and of the development of Greek art Athens has always been a site of quite unrivalled interest; moreover, in no place on Hellenic soil have the excavations of the last ten years done so much to increase, and in many respects revolutionize, our knowledge of that wonderful growth of aesthetic culture which culminated in the age of Pericles and his immediate successors. The vast excavations which have been carried on in so complete a way throughout the whole area of the Athenian Acropolis have revealed an extraordinary number of interesting and unexpected facts. It is no longer possible to regard the sculpture of Pheidias and his pupils as the result of a spasmodic and rapid outburst of artistic power. The evidence of the many statues which, from their position, buried among the rubbish caused by the Persian sack of the Acropolis, must be of date prior to the Persian war, shows clearly enough that the skilful technique and delicate beauty of the sculpture of Pheidias's age was arrived at by a slow and gradual development, as the general analogies of other art histories would lead one to expect.

In the same way it has been necessary to alter the supposed date when black-figured pottery gave way to the red-figured style. This was formerly thought to have taken place about the middle of the fifth century; but now we know that finely-painted vases with red figures had already become common before the Persian invasion of Attica.

In fact, generally speaking, the development of Greek art in almost all its branches has now to be dated nearly half a century earlier than was supposed before the excavations on the Acropolis and the examination down to the bare rock of that great mass of débris and made earth which forms so large a part of the level plateau on which the Parthenon and Erechtheum stand. For these reasons, the joint work of Mrs. Verrall and Miss Harrison has appeared at a very opportune time; the authors are enabled to treat their subject by the light of these new and important modifications of archaeological belief. Of the whole book by far the greater part is the work of Miss Harrison; Mrs. Verrall's labours have been limited to the translation of that portion of the First Book of Pausanias which deals with the city of Athens, including, that is, most of the first thirty chapters of his work, together with some critical notes on the text. This translation is an excellent one, both for its accurate rendering of the author's meaning and for its clear and easy style. Miss Harrison's contribution to the work is much larger, consisting of an introductory essay on the local cults of Athens and a copious commentary on the text, widely illustrated by the evidence of existing remains in Athens and many other sources, both literary and artistic.

By far the most important and successful part of the book is that which deals with the mythology of the Athenians, a subject to which Miss Harrison has contributed much that is new and valuable. One speciality of her treatment of the subject is the extensive and successful use she has made of vase-paintings, the value of which, as illustrating ancient ritual and myth, she has been second to no archaeologist in appreciating. Her method of investigation into the early beliefs of the Greeks is of a thoroughly scientific character, and shows an exceptional amount of judgment and care in dealing with what is frequently a very obscure and complicated subject. Her general method is briefly sketched out in the Preface:—

I have tried, in dealing with literary sources, to distinguish with the greatest care early and late versions. . . . In our Lemprière or our Smith, a myth is given in its final form, always as a connected story, with occasional references to Homer, Sophocles, Ovid, Hyginus, as if they were all authorities of equal value and contemporaneous date. . . . In fact, mythology is treated as if it were a crystallized form, almost a dogma, instead of the most vital and pliable of human growths.

The importance of avoiding this method of treating mythology is obvious, especially when Miss Harrison has pointed it out. Another of her principles of investigation is a very sound one, and is widely important as a guide to the study of early mythologies.

This general principle is enunciated by Miss Harrison thus:—

I have tried everywhere to get at, where possible, the cult as the explanation of the legend. My belief is that in many, even in the large

* *Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens; being a Translation of a portion of the "Attica" of Pausanias.* By Margaret G. Verrall. With Introductory Essay and Archaeological Commentary by Jane E. Harrison. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

majority of, cases ritual practice misunderstood explains the elaboration of myth. . . . Some of the loveliest stories the Greeks have left us will be seen to have taken their rise, not in poetic imagination, but in primitive, often savage, and, I think, always practical ritual.

A very good example is given by the author in her account of the curious rites and myths which were connected with the annual celebration of the Thesmophoria in Athens. According to the mythological explanation of this festival, the various ceremonies were intended to commemorate the descent into the lower world of Persephone when she was carried off by Pluto. One of the details of the myth in its literary form was that, when the chasm in the earth opened to swallow up the god of Hades and his enforced bride, a swineherd named Eubouleus, who happened to be tending his pigs in the flowery Vale of Enna, was at the same moment, together with his herd, engulfed in the abyss. This story appears simply to have been invented to explain a piece of the ritual of the Thesmophoria, the real intent of which had long been forgotten—the custom, that is, of throwing young pigs into a sacred chasm as an offering to Persephone and other Chthonian deities.

The real origin of this custom appears to have been, like that of many other strange pieces of ritual, connected with that belief in a kind of sympathetic magic which enters largely into the religious usages of many early races. This important subject of magical practices is most ably dealt with in Mr. J. G. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, which we reviewed recently.

The large space devoted to the local myths of Athens contains much that will be practically new even to the practised mythologist, and a great deal more which will be both novel and instructive to the average student. Dr. Preller's learned, but somewhat dull, work is now seriously out of date, and Dr. Röscher's valuable dictionary of classic mythology is very far from completion; so it is a real want which is at least partially supplied by Miss Harrison. It is at first sight somewhat strange to find no account of Athene in the essay on the local cults of Athens; but this is satisfactorily explained by the author, who writes:—

The reason [for the omission] is simply this—Athene was not the object of a merely local cult, as Cerops was. She reigned at Athens as one of the orthodox Olympian hierarchy—nay, more, there is constant and abundant evidence of her forcible propagandist entrance, of her suppression of Poseidon, her affiliation of Erechtheus. Any examination of Athene's mythology would include the Homeric system, and be of far wider scope than the analysis of a local cult.

This view, which gives a deeper meaning to the well-known myth of the contest for the soil of Attica between Athene and Poseidon, has many analogies in the growth of other cults—as, for example, in the manner in which the worship of the Pythian Apollo at Delphi gradually crept in, and by degrees thrust into the background the primitive local cults of Gaia, Themis, and other essentially Chthonian deities. The late introduction into Athens of the very popular cult of Asklepios is another example of a non-local worship rising into importance, as is pointed out in a later chapter.

Throughout the book it is impossible not to be struck with Miss Harrison's intimate knowledge with the literature of her subject and with the very varied sources of illustration, more especially those which are derived from a study of vase-paintings.

The references to explanatory passages in classical and modern authors, which are given in the notes to each chapter of Pausanias, are most admirable, both on account of the wide field from which they are taken and from their close bearing on each passage. Thus Miss Harrison's work is not only full of rich stores of information, but it will have the great educational value of leading the student of archaeology to work for himself in other mines of knowledge. It is, in fact, far easier to praise than to criticize that larger portion of the book which deals with the Athenian myths. Where, however, Miss Harrison deals with "the monuments"—that is (mainly), with the existing buildings of Athens—the same remark cannot be made. In dealing with this branch of archaeology, Miss Harrison is evidently outside the limits of her usually wide range of knowledge, and this secondary portion of her subject is treated in a far less accurate and satisfactory way.

Fortunately, Miss Harrison nearly always contents herself with giving a brief account of Dr. Dörpfeld's views upon each of the important buildings; and no safer guide on such subjects could possibly be found. But, unluckily, Miss Harrison, with the zeal of an admiring disciple—and no one could be a disciple of Dr. Dörpfeld's without very strong feelings of admiration—is inclined to regard the slightest suggestion of the master as having the force of established dogma.

In addition to the many carefully worked-out pieces of evidence by which Dr. Dörpfeld has established the undoubted truth of many a brilliant discovery, he has, like all other archaeologists who are worthy of the name, suggested various theories as being possible, and even probable, but which he would be the last man in the world to regard as established facts. It is much to be regretted that Miss Harrison does not distinguish between Dr. Dörpfeld's real discoveries and the suggestions which he occasionally throws out, not as finally settling a question, but simply to occupy the ground till further information comes to light. To this latter class belong such points as the true limits of the Asklepieion and the Pelasgikon, the identification of the so-called Theseum with the Temple of Hephaestos, the original site of the Choragic monument of Nicias, the design of the once planned but unbuilt halls to the east of the Propylaea, the date of the

Dionysiac theatre, and various other not unimportant points. On all these points Dr. Dörpfeld has made suggestions of great interest; but the evidence for each is as yet very incomplete, and certainly should not be described as finally settling the question. For the sake of Dr. Dörpfeld's own reputation as a cautious and painstaking archaeologist, one cannot but be sorry to see so many of his suggestions put before the reader in a misleading light.

With regard to the limits of the sanctuary of Asklepios, Miss Harrison's statement of Dr. Dörpfeld's views is very unsatisfactory. A good deal seems to be based on an inscription, ΗΟΡΟΣ ΚΡΕΝΕΣ, "the boundary of the (sacred) well," which is, we are told at p. 301, inscribed on one of the stones of the ancient polygonal wall. The fact is that this inscription is cut, not on the wall itself, but on a small block of marble, fourteen inches high by twelve inches wide, which may at any late period have been used to mend the top course of this early wall. There is nothing to show that the inscribed marble is in its original place.

A similar mistake occurs at p. 7, where the student is told that he will find the inscription ὅπος κεραμεικοῦ cut on "a boundary stone forming part of the wall" of Themistocles. Here again the inscription is not cut on the wall, but on a marble stela, stuck into the ground in front of the wall. In this case, however, the error is less serious, as no theory as to the limits of the Kerameikos is affected by it.

A good many similar oversights need correction. The word "portico" is often used as meaning a "porticus," which is a very different thing—not a porch, but a covered *stoa* or colonnade. The theatre of Herodes Atticus (p. 264) is not built of small stones, but of large blocks, very neatly jointed, and superior as a piece of masonry to that of the adjoining stoa of Eumenes. Several of the coins selected for illustration are wrongly named—as, for example, those given in figs. 34, 45, and 48b, all of which are called "Coins of Athens," instead of "Medallion of Marcus Aurelius," "Medallion of Commodus," and "Coin of Cilicia," as they should be respectively.

With regard to the illustrations of the book Miss Harrison has done her part excellently well.

The subjects are well chosen and numerous; but, unfortunately, the publishers have reproduced them by one of the most miserable of the many cheap processes which are now, unhappily, coming into vogue.

In many cases the illustrations look like a sort of practical joke played on the reader, who fails to discover in the picture any trace of the object it is supposed to represent. Among the worst examples of this are the views of the Asklepieion, the great theatre of Dionysus, the Dipylon, and several "inscribed blocks" on which no trace of any inscription is to be seen. It is much to be regretted that so excellent work as this should be disfigured by such bad illustrations and plans; of the latter, the general plan of Athens at page 1, and the Acropolis at page 296, are especially bad and inaccurate. It is to be hoped that in a future edition this serious fault may be remedied, and a set of illustrations and plans provided which are more in keeping with the quality of the text.

ROBERT DRURY'S JOURNAL.*

IT is rapidly becoming a fact, notorious even to the less knowing, that nearly all the books written in this country between 1700 and 1750 were really written by Daniel Defoe. The demonstration is as simple as possible. Does a book look natural, consistent, probable?—then it is Defoe's. Is it just the sort of book the supposed author would have written?—then it is Defoe's. Does it contain a passage of the most commonplace kind remotely resembling something in *Captain Singleton*?—then it is Defoe's. Is there absolutely no reason why it should be anything but what it pretends to be?—then it is Defoe's. With this great critical principle to guide you, it is easy to settle the true authorship of books between the dates mentioned, and of *Robert Drury's Journal* among the rest. Captain Oliver, who has edited the Journal for the "Adventure Series," has kept his hand on the guiding line, and, of course, has arrived at the usual destination. Some predecessors of his in the work of exegesis have even gone further. There, for instance, is Mr. J. K. Laughton, who, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, is able to say with confidence that the Journal was compiled "not improbably by Defoe," out of other men's hazy recollections of a diary kept by the younger Benbow (who hardly appears in it, by the way), who was mate in the *Degrave* with Drury. The diary was burnt; but somebody had seen it, and that was enough. Captain Oliver does not go quite so far as this. He is content to point out that there is much in the book which might have been taken from earlier French authors, and to give his opinion that the adventures of Drury were improbable, though it is possible they may have supplied a basis of fact for all the fictions in the Journal.

Frankly, all this seems to us extremely uncritical. The tests by which the authenticity of a book is settled are by no means so simple as Mr. Laughton and Captain Oliver seem to think. The

theory that the Journal was compiled out of hazy recollections of a lost diary written by a man of whose work nothing can now be known will not hold water for a minute. There is absolutely nothing hazy about the book at all. On the contrary, it is exact and even minute in detail from first to last. Such books are not written from hazy recollections. The theory of Captain Oliver is more rational, but not much more acceptable. He holds, as in the face of the evidence he must, that there was a Robert Drury who was well known in London, and who had been for years in Madagascar, whence he was rescued by a Captain Mackett, of the East India Company's service. But he denies that he went through the adventures here described, because it is incredible that a black man in Madagascar should have held a white man in slavery, and also because there is a great deal in the book which might have been taken from the French. As for this last argument, it is very easy to make too much of it. That Drury had an editor, we can easily believe, and that the editor used well-known French books for padding, and did not acknowledge his obligation, is antecedently probable. But to argue from this to the supposition that the editor really compiled his book from the French, as Captain Oliver seems to do, with little help from Drury, is to jump far over the bounds of paradox. The details of native life given in the book have stood the test of examination by the light of later experience. Now, no English editor could have compiled such a book from other books without tripping at every third page. He only can describe strange forms of life who knows them by experience. It may be said that accuracy in this respect was due to the tips Drury gave his editor. In that case, however, the book is his book, and it is not the less his because, as Captain Oliver not unreasonably suspects, the man saw a great deal more of the pirates who then haunted Madagascar than he cared to confess when he was "on view at Tom's Coffee House." The supposition that the Malagasy vocabularies might have been taken from the French by a process of transliteration seems to us violent. It is a toil which no editor would have gone through who needed any Robert Drury at his elbow at all. It was so much simpler to take them from Drury, who certainly had been in the island for years. But if he did, then the book is still Drury's. The editor only held the pen and did the buck-washing. As for the argument touching the slavery, we hold it of little account. It is really going far to say that no single chief in Madagascar would do in the seventeenth century what it would be impossible for him to do in the nineteenth. Captain Oliver proves nothing new in showing that the book must have been edited. Nobody denied it. But when he goes beyond that he falls—and we take an example which should go home to him—into the fault of the critics who accused Bruce of romancing. He certainly proves too much. A compiled, and purely fictitious, book would not have been kept at the very modest level of adventure maintained in *Drury's Journal*. Let any reader compare it with Defoe's avowed *Voyage Round the World*, which also is based—as, for that matter, all romance is—on experience, and he will see the difference between a fiction founded on carefully selected facts and a narrative of fact more or less modified by fiction. Whether the reader who has read his diary will thank us for pointing it out to him will depend on the liveliness of his own interest in things remote. Most will be disappointed by it; for, although it has a kind of interest, it is not particularly interesting. It shows how adventures may come to the commonplace, and leave them commonplace; which is a thing worth noting once in a way. But it is shorter to take it for granted, and it is also quite safe.

BOOKS ON ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.*

THE two books to which (with no offence to Mr. Furness's excellent work) we give, we think deservedly, the first place in this notice are connected in point of subject and by a direct reference in Mr. Bullen's preface. This preface introduces a very welcome, though very slightly heterogeneous, addition to the excellent lyrical anthologies which for the last three or four years Mr. Bullen (not, we hope, to the prejudice of his expected editions of Rowley and Field) has been issuing. *Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances* is (and its author candidly admits as much) something of an "omnibus" volume. There were not quite lyrics of merit enough in the romances themselves to fill the book; and so Mr. Bullen has added a selection from Nicholas Breton and another from two of the minor miscellanies, the *Phoenix Nest* and the

* *Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances*. Edited by A. H. Bullen. London: Nimmo. 1890.

The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare. By J. J. Jusserand. Translated by E. Lee. London: Fisher Unwin. 1890.

The Variorum Shakespeare—As You Like It. By H. H. Furness. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1890.

The Best Elizabethan Plays. By W. R. Thayer. Boston (Mass.): Ginn & Co.; London: Arnold. 1890.

A Chronicle History of the London Stage. By F. G. Fleay. London: Reeves & Turner. 1890.

Shakespeare's Macbeth. By K. Deighton. London: Macmillan & Co. *Milton's Samson Agonistes*. By H. Percival. London: Macmillan & Co.

Shakespeare's Much Ado about Nothing. By A. W. Verity. London: Rivingtons. *Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice*. By H. C. Beeching. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

Bacon's Essays. London: Stott. 1890.

Handful of Pleasant Delights. He is going, he tells us, further to reprint the famous *Poetical Rhapsody*; and so an end. The end is a most unpleasant thing in the case of any delights; but there will certainly be no such anthology of its kind in existence as the five volumes which Mr. Bullen will then have provided. Among them the present instalment will not, perhaps, be the most interesting (we own that Mr. Bullen, like some others, seems to us to overvalue Breton); but it is a very delightful book for all that. As how should it not be, with the exquisite "Come, Little Babe" (in the attribution of which to Breton we are glad to see that Mr. Bullen is very cautious); as the equally charming "Love in my Bosom like a Bee" of Lodge; as Lady Mary Wroth's beautiful "Love, what art thou?" as many pieces of Greene, and as not a few of Breton himself at his best? For the excellent Nicholas certainly had a vein of silly sooth about him, though he be something provoking to those who look for the sweep and power of the best Elizabethan song, and are not fain to be put off with his easy, amiable, and gentle disporting among enamelled meads.

While Mr. Bullen's volume is busied with the lyrics contained in the romances, the book which we have coupled with it is busied with the romances themselves. Some year or two ago that excellent scholar, M. Jusserand, published a very agreeable essay on the English novel of the time of Shakspeare. This now appears, very well translated by Miss Lee, revised and enlarged by the author, and beautifully illustrated with all kinds of cuts, from dainty full-page plates in heliogravure representing Burleigh House by Stamford town, and her Sacred Majesty Queen Elizabeth (either old, haggard, but gorgeous, as in the portrait by Rogers, or in the singular and lovely fancy dress in which she appears at Hampton Court, from the hand of Zuccero), down to woodcuts reproducing the extremely remarkable beasts which furnished so many of Lyly's interminable similes. The book is fully worthy of its adornments. In its subject the author has got hold of one of those matters—not too commonly found in literature—which are not in the least meagre, and yet are perfectly manageable in a small space, and he has handled it with a remarkable combination of ease and learning. The book is quite amusing, and yet it is full of accurate reading and by no means destitute of original research. It may rank with M. Beljame's book on the period immediately succeeding as one of the very best studies or monographs on English literature recently written by foreigners, and it is noteworthy that both are due, not to Germans, who are supposed to do such things, but to Frenchmen. As a matter of patriotism, we should have preferred that an Englishman should do this work; but no Englishman could have done it better, and very few indeed would have done it anything like so well.

"So difficult is it for an Alien Mind to appreciate this comedy of *As You Like It*," says, and says excellent well, Mr. H. H. Furness in the introduction to his new *variorum* edition of the greatest of Shakspeare's—the greatest of all romantic—comedies. That it should be to the French (though not always, for "Théo" made no mistake about it, nor have others) a stumbling-block, and to the Germans generally foolishness, is not in the least surprising. If foreigners, as a rule, could understand it, some foreigner would have written it and not Shakspeare. It is the romantic comedy of the day, just as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is the romantic comedy of the night—in each case done once for all, and never to be surpassed. To every Englishman it will always be the *ne plus ultra* of praise for a girl to say that she has something of Rosalind, and merely to read the play is to fleet the time almost as goldenly as may be in a workday world. There is, perhaps, as much room for minor and amicable differences of opinion on this play as on any other in Shakspeare. Jaques, for instance. Mr. Furness asks "whether it is in accordance with Jaques's mother-wit that he should tamely fall into the trap set for him by Orlando?" But had Jaques so much mother-wit? He could make good set speeches, no doubt, and he had the sense to appreciate Touchstone; but both Orlando and the Duke "put him down," and we have sometimes thought that he did put on his cynicism to hide the gaps in his wit. Let that pass, however. Although Mr. Furness's judgment is generally good in itself, his work avowedly is rather to present a conspectus of what others have said, and this he does as excellently as usual here. Much of it, of course, is sad stuff, for where is there sadder to be found than in Shakspearian commentary? But for this very reason how great is the relief to be saved having to work through the sad originals for oneself? The appendix is made fuller than usual by the necessity of including the whole of Lodge's *Rosalyn*.

Mr. William Roscoe Thayer has been perhaps a little ill advised both in his title, in his introduction, and in his method. To be told, plain and plump, that any five plays of Marlowe, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Fletcher and Shakspeare, and Webster, are the "best" *sans phrase* out of Shakspeare proper is apt to put the human back up. Certainly *The Jew of Malta*, *The Alchemist*, *Phylaster*, the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, and the *Duchess of Malfy* are of the best; but there are a score others by the same or other authors as good as the best of them. This cock-sureness, too, pursues Mr. Thayer beyond his title-page. He says that "few persons possess the fifteen or twenty large volumes in which the Elizabethan drama is published." Remarkably few, we should say. Indeed, we ourselves, who have been humble but diligent students of the said drama for a good many years, are utterly unable to identify the "fifteen or twenty large volumes," covetable as they would be. To drop irony, Mr. Thayer

would seem to be referring to the well-known seven or eight volumes published first by Moxon and now by Routledge. And it is further evident that his notion of the Elizabethan drama is limited to these. That is to say, he excludes—to say nothing of the small fry—Marston, Dekker, Heywood, and Middleton. Let it be granted that he is probably less ignorant than he looks; but a man should never write thus loosely. Again, when a man says that *Doctor Faustus* is "permanently superseded by the mighty work of Goethe," he shows himself ignorant of the first principle of literature, that it cannot be "superseded." "Informational" work (as, we believe, some of Mr. Thayer's countrymen say) can; literature cannot. And, if we had space, we might take the trouble to point out that Mr. Thayer's views on Bowdlerizing are considerably better in intention than in expression. But it is not worth while. Whether they be ill chosen or not, whether the reasons for the choosing be worse than the choice or not, whether the handling be mistaken or not, no reproduction of such work as this can fail of its chance of doing good. "Forbid him not" is the word.

There are few writers who are so little likely to disappoint expectation in regard either to the merits or to the defects of their work as Mr. Fleay. He is seldom *impar sibi* for a moment. The really abundant and remarkable industry and erudition, the still more remarkable lack of judgment, the undoubting positiveness of assertion, coupled with an unhesitating a readiness to lay down the contrary of what he has asserted, the childlike egotism, the more childlike quarrelsomeness, the most childlike simplicity, are over all that he writes. Professor A. W. Ward is worthy of any praise that Mr. Fleay or any one else can give him; but Mr. Ward's sense of humour must be tickled when he finds as a note to Mr. Fleay's laudatory sonnet of dedication the extract, "Mr. Fleay, whose new *Life of Shakspeare* will, in my opinion, before long be acknowledged as one of the most important works on the history of the Elizabethan drama which this age has produced" from his own work. "Ca' me and I'll ca' thee," is a wise and, we dare maintain, also a just principle; but it is seldom that it is so naively flaunted. But the scale and plan of Mr. Fleay's present book have left him less room for the exhibition of his defects than usual. He has, indeed, made room wherever he could, informing us, with great freedom, in notes and paraphrases, of the naughtiness of Mr. Collier, Mr. Cunningham, and Mr. Halliwell, of the sad way in which the New Shakspeare Society has treated him, Mr. Fleay, of his high opinion of Shelley and Mr. Browning, and so forth. But the major part of his book, or, rather, the whole body of it, is simply a careful, if not very exhilarating, digest of dates, names, places, payments to actors, and so forth. Most of this is of no conceivable importance to literature that we can see, and is only a bye-contribution to the history of the stage itself. But as a sort of companion to literary history it is welcome enough, and certainly is not to be scorned as a book of reference.

The four school editions of Shakspeare and Milton which we have before us are all up to a very fair average. Mr. Deighton's work we have often praised, and we need only make the exceptions here that he has amassed in his introduction too much extract from other writers, and that he quotes these writers as "Swinburne," "Dowden," and so forth, *tout court*. Now it is in our judgment a very great mistake to cram the tender mind, be it that of an English schoolboy or a mild baboo, with a conglomerate of extracts which it generally fails to digest altogether, and reproduces, when it does reproduce them, in a terribly crude condition. Moreover such persons particularly need to be taught good literary manners, and it is not good literary manners to speak of living persons without their titles. Mr. Percival's introduction to *Samson Agonistes* accepts the traditional view of Restoration literature far too unguardedly, and his annotation is overloaded with parallel passages and other overflows of dictionaries and reference books. Mr. Verity's *Much Ado About Nothing* is spiritedly done, and shows an obvious interest in the subject with fair knowledge about it, and the same may be said, on the whole, for Mr. Beeching's *Merchant of Venice*. It is, however, a mistake, and perhaps something worse, to put a disputable and something more than disputable theory of scansion positively down in an elementary book, as if no other had ever been heard of. Mr. Beeching must know that the "stress" theory of English verse (especially in such a crude form as that in which he states it, which comes pretty much to "stress may be shifted, and quantity does not count") is as far from being the received one as possible.

There can hardly be too many editions of Bacon's *Essays and Counsels* especially in pocketable shape; and the edition which Mr. Stott has just issued is very pocketable, very pretty, and very well printed. The introduction, signed W. H. B., is to the point, and we, at least, do not care whether the writer thinks the Shakspeare autograph in "Florio" genuine (as he seems to do) or whether he does not. But, though there are black bullaces, it is wrong to describe the bullace absolutely as "a small black plum."

YORKSHIRE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.*

COUNTRY clergymen who do not hunt, shoot, or fish, and who have no private pupils, have often spare time

* *Yorkshire Legends and Traditions as told by her Annual Chroniclers, her Poets, and Journalists.* By the Rev. Thomas Parkinson, F.R. Hist. Soc., Member of the Surtees Society, the Yorkshire Archaeological and Topographical Association, Vicar of North Otterington. Second series. London : Elliot Stock. 1889.

which they can devote to pursuits outside the sphere of their parochial duties. Legends and ballads have attractions for most right-minded people; and we are glad to find a vicar who is trying to do for the wolds and moors of Yorkshire what Walter Scott did, with greater opportunities, amongst the descendants of the moss-troopers of Liddesdale, and what ought to have been done by some contemporary of Cicero "amongst the nooks of the Apennines." It is further reassuring to be told that the editor does not intend to intrude on the "domain of the philologist, the archaeologist, and the historian." We are liable, in dealing with legendary lore, to be terribly lectured and reproved by some inexorable pedant who fulfills George Eliot's definition of a prig, and is prepared to prove conclusively that the adventures of popular heroes have no foundation in fact, and that the chief personage is merely a survival of some "Pagan ceremonial" or "a sun-myth." Mr. Parkinson classifies his ballads under various heads. He has collected traditions of places, of wells and lakes, of monasteries, of hermits and witches, and as might have been foreseen, of Robin Hood. We are not sure that he has always made the best arrangement of his materials, and we could wish for a little more precision in the matter of names and dates. Poets, local writers and correspondents, and antiquarians familiar to Yorkshiremen, are quoted as if they were as well known as Ritson and Percy. We have nothing to say against the reprint of the ballad of the "Nut-browne Mayde," but we should have been glad if the editor had given us his own opinion as to its date. In the quotations from ballads about Robin Hood, the readers of *Ivanhoe* will easily recognize names, expressions, and incidents which Scott, with the instinct of genius, has introduced into his account of Locksley. There is Scathlock, and the Watling Street up which Allan-a-Dale walked to watch for the Prior of Jorvalux. In the old ballad which Mr. Parkinson gives with its antique and uncouth spelling, Robin Hood sends Little John, Scathlock, and the Miller's Son

To walke up to the Sayles
and so to Watlinge Strete,
and waite for some unketh gest
up chaunce ye mowe them mete.

In one Guy, a stout yeoman of Guisburn near the borders of Lancashire, who was sent by the Sheriff of Nottingham to accomplish the difficult task of capturing the outlaw, we recognize the outlines of the forester Hubert. Guy and Robin shoot arrows at a wand stuck in the ground, "and each astonished the other by his skill." Then we come on an episode not so generally known. Robin, whether weary of the forest as the author suggests, or more probably in order to escape the hue and cry caused by his wrongdoings, takes service with a widow at Scarborough, and goes on a fishing excursion in her ship. As might be anticipated, the woodman so expert with his bow becomes a land-lubber with his hook, forgetting to put the bait on, and despised by the master of the vessel. But this opinion is changed when the fishermen are attacked by a French ship. Robin Hood, who had assumed the name of Simon the Wise, takes his bow and, to the astonishment of the crew, pierces to the heart two Frenchmen in succession. His companions take courage, board the enemy, find them all slain, and carry off a prize of twelve thousand pounds in glittering gold. It is easy to recognize in this wonderful archery the material for the incident in the siege of Torquilstone where Locksley sends a shaft through the breast of one of De Bracy's followers, shoots a second "through head-piece and through head," and curses the Spanish steel-coat which effectually protected the person of De Bracy himself. Robin Hood, both in the MS. in the British Museum and in the ballad of his death and burial, is bled to death by the Prioress of Kyrkesley or Kirkley, who was his aunt or his cousin. She welcomed him with smiles and hospitality, and then bled and locked him up in a room to bleed to death. It is satisfactory to be told that Little John, on hearing the bugle-horn so excellently brought into practical use by Scott in the forest scene, wanted permission to burn down the Hall and all the nuns. But his master, chivalrous to the last, replies:—

I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be.

Sceptical and severe persons will, of course, reject the legend that a remnant of the ancient priory contains the room from which Robin Hood shot an arrow to the spot where he wished to be buried. The grave, for the encouragement of destructive critics, is a good half-mile from the window of the room where he died.

Legends of witches in Yorkshire present features with which Demonologies have familiarized most readers. There are the inevitable black cats and broomsticks, bewitched cattle, maidens entranced or grievously afflicted, images of clay representing the unfortunate individuals against whom Janet Dibb and Joan Jurdie had a spite; warts and other diabolical marks on their bodies; bells ringing like the bells in *The Polish Jew* and songs sung which are heard only by the sufferer from witchcraft; and hags that take the form of a hare, and narrowly escape capture by greyhounds and colies. It is some consolation to be told that Yorkshire magistrates and justices of the peace, in a superstitious age, could acquit several of these creatures when whole villages were clamouring for their blood. But Edward Fairfax, the translator of Tasso, who is described by the late Lord Houghton as a man of rare moderation in matters of religion, neither a superstitious Papist nor a fanatic Puritan, and who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, firmly believed in witchcraft. He was, by his own account, a "woful

witness" of it. Seven witches engaged in the work of Satan and grievously tormented their neighbours, amongst whom were two daughters of the narrator himself. And then there is a wonderful episode of a witch's penny that could hardly be dissolved by fire and brimstone, and was eventually reduced to powder by being beaten on a stone. Six of these witches were tried for having familiar spirits, causing the parishioners to burn young calves alive, trying to steal a spoon (very probable), and divers other fearful practices. But though one wife could not say the Lord's Prayer, all six were acquitted at the Spring Assizes of York in 1622. These superstitions linger long; and we hear of a Guisborough witch who died within living memory, and who was lame from the bite of a dog, inflicted "while slipping through the keyhole of her own door in the shape of a hare."

Traditions concerning Charles I. and Mary Queen of Scots are worth recording. The latter when confined at Bolton under the charge of Lord Scrope, had by no means an unpleasant captivity. She was merry, and was allowed to hunt. A scheme for her escape planned by a family of the name of Norton proved abortive; though a certain spot which she managed to reach on horseback, till she was recaptured by Lord Scrope and his guards, is still known as the Queen's Gap. More distinct and precise is the tradition about Charles I. When in the hands of the Scotch he was confined at Leeds, and the house known as Red Hall in Upperhead Row is still standing and is pointed out as his residence. It is satisfactory to be told that Charles II., who was very apt to forget services done for the Royal cause, substantially rewarded a certain maidservant who had been kind to his father during his captivity at Leeds.

Those who are puzzled as to the etymology of the Blubberhouse moors, now renowned for the large quantity of grouse annually shot there by driving, may or may not accept the solution in what we take to be an imitation of an old ballad. The real name is Blueberg Hill or Houses. If so the first derivation is tautology. We have no space for humorous legends or for the origin of the name of Metcalf; but we should be surprised if some better derivation could not be found for this ancient family than a Saxon legend which tells how one Oswald went out to the forest to kill a roaring lion and found the animal to be only a calf. We cannot conclude this review better than by quoting what the author of the *Border Minstrelsy*, who never allowed the antiquary to eclipse the poet, says about such ballads. Scott's words are applicable everywhere:—

Of manuscript records of ancient ballads very few have yet been discovered. It is probable that the minstrels, seldom knowing either how to read or write, trusted to their well-exercised memories. Nor was it a difficult task to acquire a sufficient stock in trade for their purpose, since the editor has not only known many persons capable of retaining a very large collection of legendary lore of this kind; but there was a period in his own life when a memory that ought to have been charged with more valuable matters enabled him to recollect as many of these old songs as would have occupied several days in the recitation.

Scott would have found no difficulty in believing what many Indian officials can certify as facts, that professional Hindu reciters can entertain their audiences for two or three days consecutively with tales about the heroes of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana and other less-known poems.

A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY PRAYER-BOOK.*

MR. LITTLEHALES has done well to edit a facsimile of some leaves of an English layman's prayer-book of about 1400. Whether the writing is of a type early enough to justify the date, 1400, which Mr. Littlehales positively assigns to it, we may be permitted to doubt. The writing of the thirteen hundreds is well known, and, unless the facsimile greatly belies the original, the present volume belongs, not to 1400, but to the fourteen hundreds, and should be called, not a fourteenth, but a fifteenth-century book. Another assumption of Mr. Littlehales's also we must note. "The statement," he says, "with which we sometimes meet, that before the Reformation the people of this country had but little knowledge of those particular prayers on which so much stress is laid to-day, is inexplicable." Sweeping statements of this kind are always open to censure, but so is Mr. Littlehales's on the other side. It would be only too easy to prove that a vast majority of Englishmen of that time were ignorant of all but the outside of the Christianity they professed, and the rarity of such books as this would be one of the strongest pieces of evidence to this effect. In the Low Countries prayer-books in the vernacular were common enough; but in England and France, though they had the Fifteen Oes and certain hymns, these were exceptions. The fact that Mr. Littlehales had to be content with this imperfect manuscript for his purpose, and that the Library of the British Museum, of which it forms part, could not, or at least did not, afford him a perfect example, speaks for itself. The evidences he adduces in a footnote tell rather against him than for him.

Canst thou thy pater and thine ave
And thy crede now tell thou me?

is a question from a fifteenth-century book of "Instructions for Parish Priests." Mr. Littlehales quotes it in favour of his views, as well as a number of later passages, all of which refer, not to

* *A Fourteenth-Century Prayer-Book*. Edited by Henry Littlehales. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

"the vulgar tongue," but to the Latin. An inscription on a font at Bradley, in Lincolnshire, says it is needful to teach a child "Pater noster, Ave Maria, and criede," but we fail to see in this injunction any proof that the child was to learn them in English. In short, the evidence, even the evidence brought forward by Mr. Littlehales, is all the other way; and the existence of a single imperfect book of prayers in English in the British Museum is one of those proverbial exceptions that prove the rule.

The pages reprinted contain versions of the Lord's Prayer, the Benedicite, and the Magnificat; and two leaves in addition have a prayer in English to be used during Mass, and a religious poem. Mr. Littlehales gives us an account of the history of the English primer by way of preface. It is very succinct and clear, being, as he tells us, founded on the late Mr. Maskell's *Monumenta Ritualia*. Our modern Book of Common Prayer was compiled chiefly from the Breviary, but superseded the Primer in popular use, and was, moreover, recommended in the strongest manner by special laws and enactments. It may be interesting to quote a passage from one of the pages which Mr. Littlehales has copied. Here is the old version of the Lord's Prayer:—

"Fader oure that art in hevenes, halwed be thi name, thi kin-dom come to, thi wille be do in erthe as in hevene: oure eche daies brede gife us to dai: and forgiue us oure dettes as we forgiue to oure dettours: and leed us nat in to temptacion, bote delivere us from ivel." The *Te Deum* follows the Latin more closely than the version in the Book of Common Prayer, which seems to have been freshly translated by Archbishop Cranmer, and forms one of the most successful examples of paraphrase to be found in any language. "To the cherubin and seraphin crieth with vois withouten cesseris" is distinctly inferior to our version, and the three repetitions of "praise thee," which have so fine an effect in the seventh, eighth, and ninth verses, are omitted, as they are in the Latin. So, too, the happy phrase "godly fellowship," as a translation of the Latin *laudabilis numerus*, was not thought of, and we have "the preisable noumbre" instead. In the debatable passage "Make them to be numbered with Thy saints," this version follows the other reading. In manuscripts it is not easy to tell *munerari* from *numerari*, and Cranmer chose the latter; but here we read:—"Make them to be rewarded with thi seintes in endeles blisse." Though we cannot, as we have said, fully endorse Mr. Littlehales's opinions, we can praise the care and fidelity with which these pages are reproduced.

TWO SCHOOL HISTORIES.*

IT is so long since a really good school history has appeared that Mr. Oman's volume will be received with interest by many teachers. They will find it a valuable text-book; the narrative is full, in some parts perhaps rather too full, of facts, the results of modern scholarship are accurately represented, and dates, headings, marginal contents, maps, and plans give the reader all the help which can possibly be required. The work goes down to the death of Philip, and in his concluding sentence the author seems to promise a continuation. He begins with some admirable chapters on the geography of Greece, the origins of Greek nationality, the Homeric poems and the picture of social life which they place before us. Constitutional matters receive special attention, and in more than one passage the influence of Curtius is strongly marked, though Mr. Oman is not a blind follower of any master, and has evidently formed his opinions for himself. In dealing with disputed questions, such as the extent of the reforms introduced by Cleisthenes, he wisely avoids discussion; he states his own conclusions, and contents himself with giving his readers notice that others have held otherwise. As far as arrangement and proportion are concerned, he has generally shown excellent judgment; the battles of the Persian war are told with spirit, and the book as a whole is fairly interesting, though more might have been accomplished in this respect. A serious defect is the almost total omission of any notice of literature and art; nor do we find any adequate attempt to portray the daily life and characteristics of an Athenian citizen. If the author considered that, because these and other such things can be learnt more thoroughly in other ways than from a narrative history, he was therefore under no obligation to treat them here, he has judged wrongly. Records of constitutional changes lose no small part of their value apart from their bearings on the moral, intellectual, and social life of a people. Mr. Oman should have pointed out more clearly the political lessons to be found in his story, and should have done more to enable his young readers to apprehend the connexion between the political institutions of a city republic and the thoughts and doings of its inhabitants, its relations with other States and its own colonies, and its inherent strength or weakness. We do not say that he has entirely neglected these points, but he has certainly not given them sufficient prominence, nor treated them with anything like completeness. Considering, however, the space at his disposal, we must not dwell too much on omissions. His book shows abundant

signs of scholarship, and is thoroughly well adapted for the purposes for which it is written. Mr. Lyde's slender volume is a modest attempt to present the salient points in the history of the ancient world in a few pages. For our own part, we do not see the good of whittling away a serviceable stick until it becomes neither handsome to look upon nor capable of supporting the owner's weight, and this is much like what is done for history in such manuals as this. Nor, to speak without metaphor, does Mr. Lyde seem to have done his work without some errors of judgment; for we can scarcely understand how a boy for whom it is necessary to compress the whole of Roman history into about forty pages—not that there is any good to be got by teaching children in such a fashion—can be the better for learning that Hatasu, an Egyptian queen of the eighteenth dynasty, was a "woman of intense ambition." Still, if any one wants a book of this kind, he will find Mr. Lyde's *Introduction* carefully written. It is furnished with several tables of dates and three well-executed maps.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE REV. ADAM SEDGWICK.*

THE compiling of *The Life and Letters of the Rev. Adam Sedgwick* has evidently been to his biographers a labour of love. In the preface to the two handsome volumes which we have just received from the Pitt Press, Mr. Clark explains how loyally Professor Hughes strove to carry out his promise of writing a biography of his revered predecessor, but found himself so overwhelmed with work owing to the increasing duties of his professorship that he was unable to fulfil it. In 1885 Miss Sedgwick, feeling that the publication of the memoir had been too long delayed, applied to Mr. Clark; but his time was then fully occupied, as he was engaged in editing his uncle's *Architectural History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge*—a work with which, we may remark, his own name will always be inseparably connected—and it was not until near the end of 1886 that he was able to make a start on a Life of Sedgwick, for which copious materials had already been collected by Professor Hughes.

No task [Mr. Clark continues] could have been more congenial to me. Sedgwick was one of my father's oldest and most intimate friends; and I can remember his visits to our house and his society in our rides and walks as far back as I can remember anything. If I have failed in my attempt to delineate a singularly genial and lovable man, the failure has not, at any rate, been due to want of interest in my subject. I have tried to set him before my readers as I knew him, and as I heard him spoken of, in his best days, by those who had known him, respected him, and loved him since they had been undergraduates together.

Adam Sedgwick was born in the year 1785, of a family which has for more than three centuries been established in the village of Dent, in a remote "Dale" in that mountainous district of West Yorkshire which projects into the equally secluded mountains of Westmoreland. Customs in this old-world nook were inconceivably primitive, society almost patriarchal, and the shrewd, well-to-do peasant proprietors, or "statesmen," seem to have lived in rude plenty, not altogether without culture, yet in an idyllic fashion no longer to be found in these islands, but which still, we believe, may be found existing in the less known parts of Tyrol, and among the remote hills of Norway and Sweden. Much delightful gossip about pack-horses and spinning-wheels, sixteenth-century furniture, morris-dances and sword-dances, may be found in the first chapter, gleaned principally from Sedgwick's own letters and talk. As a boy, he seems to have lived a healthy, happy, outdoor life among his beloved dales, which, as he said in after life, have lost much of their picturesqueness now that we can no longer see the "statesman" on a Sunday morning "riding along the rough and rugged road, with his wife mounted behind him upon a gorgeous family pillion, and his daughters walking briskly at his side, in their long, flowing scarlet cloaks with silken hoods."

Cambridge, when Sedgwick "came up," was nearly depopulated by the war. Its customs were almost as unlike those of the present day as any to be found in the Yorkshire Dales, and are well described by Mr. Clark. Here the painstaking teaching of Mr. Dawson, his old mathematical tutor at Dent—a man who deserves a memoir almost as much as Sedgwick—stood him in good stead, and though the innovation of brackets was so recent that the first five men were not left in their bracket as a collective senior wrangler, but were made to fight their battle out, the Master of Arts, who conducted this final "heat" (in turf parlance), declared that "the men were so different in their reading that he could have put them in almost any order by a special choice of questions, but the man who most impressed him as possessing inherent power was Sedgwick."

It was during a long vacation, not long after his degree, that Sedgwick took a reading party to Fen Ditton for the summer, and he used to tell a story of how he strolled over the fields towards Cambridge and heard the bells ringing for the victory of Vimiero. The date (1808) gives one an idea of the distance to which his reminiscences extended. He saw Porson buried; he was wont to tell a story in the combination-room of how a French *émigré*, coming there after dinner, looked at the picture of the Marquess of Granby, and said:—"I recognize that gentleman. I used to

* *A History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Macedonian Conquest*. By C. W. C. Oman, M.A., F.S.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, and Lecturer in New College, Oxford. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

An *Introduction to Ancient History*. By Lionel W. Lyde, M.A., Classical Exhibitioner and Modern History Prize-Essayist of Queen's College, Oxford, Senior English Master at Merchiston Castle School, Edinburgh. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

* *The Life and Letters of the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Prebendary of Norwich, Woodwardian Professor of Geology*. By John Willis Clark, M.A., F.S.A., and T. M'Kenny Hughes, Woodwardian Professor of Geology. Cambridge: at the University Press. 2 vols. 1890.

meet him during the Seven Years' War." Throughout Sedgwick's life he was an incomparable story-teller and a delightful companion; but in his older days he became a storehouse of information about times to which no one else's memory could go back, but of which he retained a vivid impression. Indeed, much that was impressive happened while our century was in its teens. He heard St. Mary's bells ringing a dumb peal for Trafalgar; he saw a coach drive into Lowestoft "with a sailor on the top, waving a Union Jack over his head, and gaudy ribbons streaming on all sides, the sure signs of victory. The guard threw down a paper to me, and with it I ran to the Public Room. There mounting upon a table, I read to the assembled crowd the Gazette Extraordinary of the Battle of Salamanca." Not less striking is his account of how the coach bearing the news of Waterloo was welcomed in his native dale, where he chanced to be staying at the time.

All Sedgwick's contemporaries describe him at all periods of his life as a man of buoyant spirits, the life and soul of every society which he joined. But those who knew him in his joyous moods did not always take into account the periods of gloom and depression with which they alternated. His health was never to be relied upon; illness succeeded illness, and uncertainty as to his future career and pecuniary embarrassment seem to have rendered him far from happy from the time when he obtained his fellowship at Trinity College till the fortunate day when he was elected Woodwardian Professor of Geology.

It was objected to Sedgwick at the time that he knew nothing of geology. The true answer to this seems to us, after half a century and more of geological exploration, to have been, "No more did any one else at that time." The untrodden character of the field of his researches added a charm to it, just as the discoverer of a new land takes more interest in his voyage than any of those who sail thither after him. Sedgwick had found his life's work, and his nature seems to have expanded under its genial influence. He gave up shooting for ever. "My hammer broke my trigger," he explains. Henceforth his long vacation and all other available time were spent in rambles in Wales and Scotland, in Devonshire and the Northern collieries; for he insisted that the Professor always ought to meet his class after a "voyage of discovery"; and in his summer wanderings he generally spent his entire professorial stipend.

But Sedgwick [as his biographer truly says] could be approached from many other sides than geology; he was no specialist, in the modern sense of the word, and the leading spirits of the time between 1822 and 1827 had no difficulty in finding a large space of common ground whereon to build their friendship. He was probably the most popular man in the College, and his rooms were the chief centre of attraction. Intimate friends were glad, when their own work was over, to enjoy his original conversation, and not seldom his extravagant fun; while strangers were delighted to make the acquaintance of a learned Professor who could talk on general subjects as well as they could themselves, and who was always ready to lay aside his own occupations for a while for the sake of their profit and amusement. It is not too much to say that, of the reading men of Cambridge sixty years ago, no one made so lasting an impression on all who were brought into contact with him as Sedgwick.

An article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, April 1880, by the present Bishop of Carlisle, gives us some amusing gossip about Sedgwick at his best, especially about his "field-days," when there would be a "meet" sometimes of sixty or seventy undergraduates and others on horseback in front of the Senate House, and Mr. Clark has given us an account of one of these days, during which Sedgwick gave no less than five distinct lectures, one of these having for its subject the water-ways of the Fens, being delivered on the topmost tower of Ely Cathedral. Sedgwick himself, like Whewell, was described by one of his friends as "a bold bad rider," and the distances to which these cross-country rambles extended led one of the Cambridge livery-stable keepers to charge an extra fee for horses if used for hunting or "jolly-gizing." But these excursions were a potent means of rendering the new science popular, and a welcome relief from the lecture-room, though there, again, many would be found who had no fixed intention of studying geology, but came to hear Sedgwick's inimitable description of the great Irish elk, or some of the "dragons of the prime," whom he seemed to have the power of enduing with life, and of making his hearers see them moving before their very eyes. Of Sedgwick may be said with as great truth as it was said of Buckland:—

His eloquence rolled like a deluge retiring,
Which Mastodon carcasses floated;
A subject obscure with fresh interest inspiring,
Young and old on geology doted;
He stood forth an "outlier"; his hearers admiring
With pencil his anecdotes noted.

The general estimation in which he was held at Cambridge is quaintly illustrated by a story of a lioness exhibited there who had four cubs, which the undergraduates christened Whewell, Peacock, Sedgwick, and Simeon; and Charles Kingsley in his early novel of *Yeast*, it may be remembered, paints his *dilettante* hero as going out fox-hunting with an essay on "the Silurian system" lying unfinished in his desk at home. The mention of this word reminds us that we have made no allusion to the great Cambro-Silurian controversy, by which Sedgwick and Murchison were for a time unhappily estranged from one another, nor do we intend to do so, beyond regretting the unmerited annoyance which it caused him. One loves to dwell upon the time when Sedgwick was a real power in his University, gladdening his college with the sunshine of his presence and the sparkle of his wit, fluttering the orthodox by his daring Commemoration

sermon, dragging the wretched Beverley at his chariot-wheels, founding the Philosophical Society, and mixing on equal terms with the foremost spirits of his day, rather than upon his extreme old age, when the kindly, bright-eyed, erect old man might be seen tottering about the Cathedral Close at Norwich, with his big stick and woolen comforter, cheerily greeting all his many friends, but still a lamentable wreck in the eyes of those who knew him at his best. There is no life so pleasant at the beginning as that of a successful Fellow of a college; the avoidance of all the minor worries of life, the charm of merry talk with clever men of one's own age, and the feeling of abounding life round about one—for a college, like a regiment, has that gift of eternal youth which the Greeks used to ascribe to the Immortal Gods—all this renders residence for the first ten years after a man has taken his Fellowship the pleasantest mode of life possible. But to such a man there assuredly comes a time when of a sudden all his friends either die or leave the University, and the feeling of loneliness becomes terrible. No one who knows either University well can fail to remember many instances of men of promise, who remained in college after taking their degrees, talked and wrote brilliantly, and were to all outward appearance successful, yet whose old age was desolate and premature, and whose death was piteous. Sedgwick himself, in the pride of his youth, wrote, "Marriage may be all well enough when a man is on his last legs, but you may depend upon it that to be linked to a wife is to be linked to misery. From the horrid estate of matrimony I hope long to be delivered." Thus he thought at twenty-three; but we agree with Mr. Clark in believing that it was a pity that he did not accept the living offered him by the Lord Chancellor, marry some good woman, and settle down in a prosaic manner, instead of taking the stall at Norwich, where he was always really a little out of his element, and retaining the professorship till extreme old age. One grieves to read how, "in the decade of labour and sorrow," he describes himself as "learning to feel a pleasure in sitting still in his arm-chair; keeping up his spirits pretty well," in spite of deafness, loss of memory, and many infirmities. The loss of society—not that formal society which comes by invitation, but that of friends who drop in for half an hour's conversation—was a sore trial to him. "No one thinks of calling on such a crabbed, half-blind, half-deaf old dotard as myself," he said, and he valued very highly such visits, especially of ladies, which he likened to "sunbeams shining through a fog."

Sedgwick's geological labours would require a separate and elaborate essay to give the reader any idea of their extent and importance. No less than fourteen of the large pages of Mr. Clark's book are filled with the mere titles of his various writings, and in the countless specimens which crowd the Geological Museum the record of his life's work may be found. His difference with Murchison was more about names than about realities, and none of his contemporaries ever doubted his being one of the foremost geologists of his age. Phillips, in his pleasant *Rivers, Mountains, and Sea-coast of Yorkshire*, speaks of the "wild secluded little vale of Dent, the birthplace of our Sedgwick, who,

Long as yonder hills
Shall lift their heads inviolate,

will be named among the worthies of Yorkshire, and honoured among the most eminent geologists of the age." It would be easy to multiply examples of tributes of respect, not all, perhaps, given with the heartiness of his countryman, but all showing the esteem in which he and his work were held.

How singularly pleasant [says Mr. Clark] the meetings of the Geological Society must have been when it was still a coterie of brilliant enthusiastic men, who knew each other intimately, and how mortifying it is that we should have to be content with far-off glimpses and faint echoes of what they said and did! Would that we could recall, not merely Sedgwick's post-prandial fun, but his mode of delivering one of his scientific papers, or of handling the discussion which it was sure to elicit. Mr. Geikie tells us that "by a few broad lines" he could convey even to non-scientific hearers a vivid notion of the geology of a wide region, or of a great geological formation. Embalmed in the Society's Transactions, the paper, as we read it now, bears as much resemblance to what it must have been to those who heard it as the dried leaves in a herbarium do to the plant which tossed its blossoms in the mountain wind. Brimful of humour, and bristling with apposite anecdote, he could so place a dry scientific fact as to photograph it on the memory, while at the same time he linked it with something droll, or fanciful, or tender, so that it seemed ever after to wear a kind of human significance. No keener eye than his ever ranged over the rocks of England; and yet, while noting each feature of their structure or scenery, he delighted to carry through his geological work an endless thread of fun and wit.

Sedgwick has been fortunate in having the story of his life told by two men, both of whom knew him intimately, and who have spared no pains to set his gracious personality as well as his scientific work clearly before their readers. The geological part of these volumes, which we may assume to be the work of Professor Hughes, goes a little deep into the subject for the ordinary layman; yet it was necessary to enter into these details in order to vindicate Sedgwick from the misrepresentations—to use no harsher term—of Murchison. For the picture given us of the man himself, his simplicity, his piety, his kindness, his untidiness, his playful humour, his prejudices, and his enthusiasms, we have no words save of praise; and we trust that these two sumptuous volumes will long keep green the memory of one of the last and greatest of that remarkable company of great men who were the pride and glory of Trinity College during the earlier years of the present century.

THE BARONS OF PULFORD.*

SIR GEORGE SITWELL has discharged a pious duty in illustrating the descent of the families which owed their origin to the ancestor of the Barons of Pulford, in Cheshire. Taking as his starting-point the record of a suit in the *Curia Regis* in the sixth year of Richard I., he works back to the great-grandfather of the parties, a certain Hugh le Blount or Hugh FitzOsbern, Lord of Pulford and of other manors in Cheshire, and one of the baronial tenants of Hugh, Earl of Chester, and identifies him with the Hugh entered in Domesday as the Earl's tenant at Ormesby, in Lincolnshire. Of the three grandsons of the elder line of this Hugh, the eldest died without issue; the second, Alexander, who was apparently disinherited, married Juliana, heiress of Reresby, near Lincoln; and the third, Simon, succeeded his eldest brother as fourth baron of Pulford and lord of Ormesby. Pulford Castle, on the Welsh border, passed, as may be seen in Ormerod's stately *History of Cheshire*, to a younger branch of Simon's family in 1244, the overlordship being nominally vested in the elder line for about a century longer, and at last came, by marriage, to Sir Robert Grosvenor, ancestor of the present Duke of Westminster. Ormesby eventually descended to Margaret, daughter and heiress of Ralph FitzSimon, who married Sir William Skipworth, and by him became the mother of Sir William Skipworth, Chief Justice. From the marriage of Alexander, grandson of Hugh le Blount, with Juliana de Reresby came the Reresbys of Thrybergh and Ashover, of whom was Sir John Reresby, the author of the *Memoirs*. When Sir John succeeded to Thrybergh in 1659 his estate was not worth more than £355. a year; for the family had been impoverished by extravagance and forfeitures, and Ashover had been sold about 1613 to pay portions for daughters. However, he was a prudent man, and came in for some good windfalls, so that at his death his estate produced an annual income of £1,700. Besides his *Memoirs* and *Travels*, which have been printed, and a Journal of the debates in Parliament in 1675, of which no trace has as yet been discovered, he left a History of the Reresby family, now among the Additional MSS. in the British Museum, of which some use has been made in this volume. His son, Sir William Reresby, wasted his inheritance, sold Thrybergh, and sank to be a "tapster in the King's Bench Prison." None of Sir John's sons or daughters left issue, and the representation of the family eventually passed to the descendants of his cousin, Mary Reresby, by her marriage with William Sitwell in 1693.

Sir George Sitwell has given the proofs of his genealogical work in full, and has incidentally noticed several families—among them the De Merles and the De Snellelunds—connected in one way or another with the descendants of Hugh le Blount. Speaking of Hugh of Avranches, Earl of Chester, he announces that he is prepared to disprove the statements of Bishop Stubbs and Professor Freeman with reference to English palatinates. As he reserves the full discussion of this subject for a forthcoming work on the Normans in Cheshire, we are not in a position to criticize his new theory; indeed, we are not quite sure what it will turn out to be. At the same time, we would remind him that the fact that there was no creation of a palatine earldom under that name before the middle of the fourteenth century has been distinctly noted by Bishop Stubbs in his *Constitutional History*, and that if, as we understand him to assert, he can prove that Camden had no authority for his famous sentence comparing the Earl's tenure of his earldom with the King's tenure of his kingdom, the discovery, interesting as it will be, will scarcely be "revolutionary," and will certainly not lessen the authority of modern historians who have quoted the sentence as Camden's. In all essential matters he does not, as far as we can judge from what we find here, contradict the ordinary explanation of the rights pertaining to the earl-palatine of Chester. He was lord of all the land, not belonging to the bishop, within his earldom; he had his court of barons of the palatinatus; offences were committed against his peace, not against the King's; writs ran in his name, and, in short, he had "regale potestatum in omnibus." This is all that either Bishop Stubbs or Professor Freeman seems to lay down; it is picturesquely summed up by Camden in words which have generally been understood to be taken from the charter of donation. If Camden made up the sentence, he did it very well, and, whatever may be the truth as to its origin, it is a correct, if rather rhetorical, statement of fact. Sir George Sitwell may be congratulated on his success as a printer; his volume is, in all respects, turned out in first-rate style.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND PAST AND PRESENT.†

THE present position of the Disestablishment question in Scotland adds a special interest to any work dealing with the history of the Scottish Church. The volume before us is the first of five which are to follow, treating this history upon a plan

* *The Barons of Pulford in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries, and their Descendants, the Reresbys of Thrybergh and Ashover, the Ormesbys of South Ormesby, and the Pulfords of Pulford Castle.* By Sir George R. Sitwell, Bart., F.S.A., F.S.S. Printed and sold by Sir George Sitwell at his press in Scarborough. 1889.

† *The Church of Scotland Past and Present.* Edited by the Rev. R. Herbert Story, D.D. London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow: William Mackenzie.

which has at least the merit of originality. We have first the narrative of the events in the development of the Kirk from its first planting in Galloway by St. Ninian, onward through the Celtic period which succeeded the mission of St. Columba; the Roman period, following the arrival of Queen Margaret at Dunfermline; and the era of the Reformed Church from 1560 until the present time.

Then come five separate dissertations upon the Church's relations to the Law and the State; its doctrine, ritual, discipline, and patrimony. "The obvious advantage of this method," to quote the words of the preface, "is that the information upon each of these subjects, which otherwise the reader would have to search for, and disentangle from other topics, at various points of the general history, is presented to him in one continuous sequence uninterrupted by the intrusion of matters with which it has no necessary connexion." The whole work has been planned and edited by Dr. Story, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Glasgow, who appears to have contributed nothing more than the preface, confining his share of the work to this and the duties of editor. The names of his conditors are known in Scotland as those of writers thoroughly well informed upon their respective subjects. We have no doubt that the volumes which follow will maintain the interest which marks the one which is now published, and which covers the period from the Roman invasion of Scotland to the time when Malcolm Canmore, the son of the "gracious Duncan," wedded Margaret of England.

This period is handled by the author, the Rev. Dr. James Campbell, with unmistakable ability. His sketch of the earliest Scottish history, of the Roman occupation, of the mission of St. Ninian, of the relation of the Irish and the Scottish Churches, of the work of Columba and his successors, is marked with scholarly accuracy and minute knowledge of the results of the most recent investigation; while the narrative is at all points clear, and at many picturesque and vivid.

No history has profited more than that of Scotland from the careful examination which recent scholarship has bestowed upon all available sources of information. As is pointed out in the preface, "the patient research" of such Irish scholars as Reeves and Stokes, along with that of their Scottish rivals, Bishop Forbes, Dr. Joseph Robertson, and Mr. W. F. Skene, have made vast additions to the materials available for the construction of a genuine Scottish ecclesiastical history; while the transactions of the various modern Societies of antiquarians and archaeologists in the exploration of folk-lore, parochial registers, and family records have rendered invaluable services to the cause of "historical accuracy and thoroughness." With all these Dr. Campbell proves himself intimately acquainted; and he has produced a work which we have no doubt will become a standard authority upon the history of the Celtic Church in Scotland. His standpoint naturally is that of a constitutional Churchman of the Presbyterian type. Episcopalians will compare the story, as he tells it, with the elaborate work of Dr. George Grub; while Roman Catholics will mark the passages in which it differs from the more recent volumes of Bellesheim; but both, if candid readers, will acknowledge that the Presbyterian author treats his subject, even at its most controversial points, with intelligent fulness and scrupulous impartiality.

LORD DUFFERIN'S SPEECHES IN INDIA.*

LORD DUFFERIN has judged rightly that his countrymen will welcome an opportunity of considering his vice-regal utterances with more care and attention than are usually accorded to contemporary oratory. His term of office in India marked a critical period in the history of that country, and was only saved from being eventful by his skill and firmness in staving off events which might have had far-reaching and, probably, disastrous results. With that excessive deference of tone which sometimes suggests that the speaker is making fun of his audience and his subject, Lord Dufferin, on one occasion, suggests that his rôle as viceroy was merely to watch the development of his predecessor's projects for "bringing the institutions of the country into harmony with its growing wants and aspirations." "My ambition," he says, "was confined to the humble intention of watching the effects of his policy and tending and watering what he had planted." If it were ever really entertained, very few days' residence in India must have given this innocent conception its death-blow. Lord Dufferin found that his task was something more than to admire and assist the growth of Lord Ripon's innovations—something more and something very different. He found the noisy, restless, troublesome classes of India in a mood of dangerous excitement, stirred by wild hopes, encouraged by delusive promises, and accepting the crude commonplaces of English Radicalism for the serious enunciation of a new political era. It was necessary to show them a more excellent way—the way of reason, common sense, and submission to authority. In addition to this difficulty, one of the great standing controversies of India—the relation of landlord and tenant and the duty of the State to each—was in its acutest stage, and at the inconvenient point when postponement was no longer possible and a decision must forthwith be pronounced. That decision, it was certain, the Bengal landowners, one of the most powerful classes in the

* *Speeches delivered in India, 1884-5.* By the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. London: Murray.

country, would bitterly resent; they were already organizing resistance. On the other hand, the champions of many millions of tenants were as dissatisfied as the landlords, and were protesting as angrily at the insufficiency of the forthcoming legislation as the landlords at its excess. Looking further afield, Lord Dufferin found the military defences of the country dangerously inadequate; the North-Western frontier especially was pronounced by every military authority to be, as matters stood, practically indefensible. The difficulties of the position intensified as time went on. Silver began its downward course, and several millions sterling, added to the imperative annual outlay, made the custodians of the Indian exchequer regret the reckless profusion with which the framers of sensational Budgets had scattered far and wide the fruits of the prudent financial arrangements which they found in existence. Before long, on the North-West frontier, the Russian demonstration, known as the "Penjeh incident," brought the Indian Government face to face with the immediate imminence of a Russian war. Several millions had to be forthwith laid out in the costly process of mobilizing an army for an advance upon the Candahar plateau and the arduous journey up the Bolan Pass. The danger passed; but so close was it that Lord Dufferin on more than one occasion indicates his belief that, but for his accidental presence in the Amee's camp at the moment, the quarrel would almost certainly have culminated in actual hostilities. It was apparent, however, that the military difficulty, calmly ignored by Lord Ripon's Government, must forthwith be met, and the normal forces of the country were strengthened by additions which added permanently a couple of millions to the annual expenditure. Scarcely had the Afghan frontier difficulty been met than Lord Dufferin's Government found themselves plunged by events, over which they had practically no control, in a long, troublesome, and, as events have proved, expensive Burman war. Nor was Burmah the only point at which the frontier of British India called for special attention and abnormal expenditure; for the little principality of Sikkim, wedged conveniently between two border States, as if for the express purpose of provoking a quarrel, brought the Government into collision with Thibet, and Thibet, in turn, owing to its vague feudatory subordination to Pekin, landed us in troublesome negotiations with China. To keep the ball going, some of the untameable mountaineers that hover on the borders of Afghanistan broke out into congenial violence and claimed a little war upon their own account. Among less serious topics of consideration were Tenant Acts for Oudh and the Punjab, either of which, if mismanaged, would have alienated important classes and involved the probable contingency of agrarian disturbance.

The speeches contained in the present volume—about half, the preface informs us, of those which Lord Dufferin was called to deliver during his Viceroyalty—give an excellent idea of the way in which the difficulties above enumerated were met, and of the tact, wisdom and courage which enabled Lord Dufferin, at the close of his fourth year of office, to hand over to his successor an administration threatened by no external danger, and firmly seated, despite the noisy interpellations of an insignificant minority, in the esteem, confidence and self-interest of all the great classes in the country. The remarkable demonstration which the scare of a Russian war provoked on the part of the native States showed how profoundly the wise and conciliatory policy of recent years has impressed the feudatory rulers of India, and how little anxious they are to exchange the suzerainty of an English Empress for rulers such as those whose ruthless policy has struck terror into the Turcoman tribes of the Oxus. Equally satisfactory is it to know, on the high authority of Lord Dufferin, that the leading men of India are free from any infection of the foolish craving for political innovations of which the Indian Congress gives the world such repeated and vehement assurance. Speaking of the introduction of representative institutions in so heterogeneous a congeries of communities as constitutes the Indian Empire, Lord Dufferin observes:—

So obviously impossible would be the application of the system in the circumstances of the case that I do not believe that it has been seriously advocated by any native statesman of the slightest weight or importance. I have come in contact during the last four years with, I imagine, almost all the most distinguished persons in India. I have talked with most of them upon these matters, and I have never heard a suggestion from one of them in the sense I have mentioned.

Of the general content of the population it is enough to say that never, at any period of which history tells us, has the Indian agriculturist been so safe from external assault, from domestic oppression, from the violence of the outlaw, from the exactions of the tax-gatherer, as he is at present. Prosperity and content go hand in hand, and there is abundant and unquestionable evidence that the ryot is prosperous. During the last twenty-eight years, observes Lord Dufferin, the Indian population has accumulated 110 millions sterling in gold and 218 millions in silver. Beyond all dispute the Land-tax has never been so light; while 200 millions of British capital invested in Indian railways have opened the markets of the world to the landowners and agriculturists, and have enabled them, much to their advantage, to exchange the products of their fields for the cotton and iron goods of England. Lord Dufferin, warned by many signal examples of falsified anticipations, forbears to prophesy; but he was able to say that he handed over the administration to his successor without a cloud on the political horizon, and with every reasonable prospect of undisturbed domestic tranquillity and peaceful development.

We earnestly commend the perusal of these speeches to the English reader. They are the best possible antidote for the rashness, ignorance, and folly which are the too common characteristics of amateur criticism of Indian politics. They are, moreover, agreeable reading; for Lord Dufferin, serious and well considered as are his observations, is never dull, and, whenever occasion permits, breaks away into a light-heartedness that reminds us that he is a true Irishman, and that the Sheridan blood flows in his veins. His touch is light; his spirits are gay; his fancy plays at ease. Whenever, for a moment, the senatorial purple is thrown aside, we perceive the courteous, kindly gentleman, sincerely pleased with the world in which he has played so distinguished a part, and the men and women whom his genial disposition and charming manners have bound to himself in the firm allegiance of personal affection. He is proud of his country, of his class, of his past good fortune, and—as he takes every opportunity of announcing—of his wife. He may now add to his topics of self-congratulation that, though he came to the government of India at a moment when the unwise of his predecessor had aggravated the anxiety of a task already sufficiently difficult, his good star guided him safely amid rocks and shoals to a successful close; that, confronted by a series of political and social problems, any one of which might have involved distress or disaster, he passed scathless through the ordeal, and handed over to his successor an India more than ordinarily prosperous and tranquil. Among the many gifts of statesmanship which have conduced to this fortunate result is one which we shall best describe in Lord Dufferin's own language. "There can be no greater mistake," he observes, "than for statesmen to overlook the important part which sentiment plays in the conduct of human affairs. More of the wars which have desolated the earth have been occasioned by outraged sentiment than by the pursuit of material advantage. Nay, even commerce itself, the most unromantic and sagacious of interests, follows for lengthened periods in the wake of custom and consanguinity, sentiment and tradition. This is one of the truths of which the English people is imperfectly aware." It is one of the truths, we will take the liberty of observing, of which the Marquess of Dufferin has a very thorough perception, and which has enabled him, in a long series of eminent and perilous positions, to acquit himself with adroitness and success, and to claim a high place among those fortunate administrators whom their countrymen remember with pride and satisfaction.

CORN AND POPPIES.*

THAT they were like a "nest of singing birds" was a pretty, yet oddly inappropriate, designation once applied to a certain group of cultured bards. It is not in academic groves that poets sing in happy, careless freedom, unmoved by the restless questionings of an introspective, self-conscious age. Lyrical poets in these latter days belong either to the natural or the professional order. They seldom fail to illustrate the vast difference between the making of poetry because you must and the making of poetry because you can. Mr. Monkhouse is of the latter class. He is certainly not wanting in the accomplishment of verse. His inspiration is mainly literary. He is an observer of form, careful to impart the utmost finish to his artistic expression, and a connoisseur of all kinds of exuberance. Though his passion does not fire us, and is, in fact, somewhat to seek, there are not wanting, at times, suggestions of depths scarce stirred; and reticence, not excess, marks his handling of light themes and grave alike. In his lighter verse, if he does not quite reveal a Praed-like spirit beautiful and swift, Mr. Monkhouse shows much brightness and grace and dexterity. His happiest example in this vein is "A Drawn Bet," an episode of Bath society that tells of the distractions caused by a lady's eyes, whose colour no wit nor wager could determine. Skilful is the employment of rhymed octosyllabics in this spirited poem. Another charming instance is "A Bristol Figure," where the sudden note of pathos, in the final stanza, is very effective. Less natural and simple is the poetic treatment of the pathetic in "Mysteries," which sets forth the meditations of a mother over her child born blind, in a style that is like the reciter's "poetry" of the day than the homely diction attempted by Wordsworth in *Lyrical Ballads*. To pass from this to the blank-verse soliloquy "Dead" is to be moved by a meditative strain of deeper and truer emotional quality. An interesting set of lyrics that is entitled "Love," emulative of the various movements of the sonata, the musical contrasts of which are better suggested than the development of the composer's subjects. The rondo "Love's Laughter," lightsome and sparkling, is the most characteristic "movement" in this curious attempt at what must ever be an intractable transversion, an obverse presentation, as it were, of what is known as programme music. A fairer union is revealed in the music and poetry of "A Dead March," the most original poem, and perhaps the freshest as to inspiration, in the volume:—

Play me a march low-toned and slow—a march for a silent tread,
Fit for the wandering feet of one who dreams of the silent dead,
Lonely, between the bones below and the souls that are overhead.

The stately measure of this poem produces an effect that is

* *Corn and Poppies.* By Cosmo Monkhouse. London: Elkin Mathew. 1890.

genuinely Chopinesque, and the poet's exaltation of mood is admirably sustained to the stately close:—

Do we not too return, we men, as ever the round earth whirls?
Never a head is dimmed with grey but another is sunned with curls;
She was a girl and he was a boy, but yet there are boys and girls.

Ah, but alas for the smile of smiles that never but one face wore,
Ah, for the voice that has flown away like a bird to an unseen shore,
Ah, for the face—the flower of flowers—that blossoms on earth no more.

Perhaps the second line in these two stanzas too obviously suggests the glorified head of Maud "sunning over with curls." To say this is merely to recognize the truism that out of poetry much poetry does proceed, of which Mr. Monkhouse's first poem, with the Browning-like title "Any Soul to Any Body," is a more legitimate example. The first stanza opens thus:—

So we must part, my body, you and I
Who've spent so many pleasant years together.
'Tis sorry work to lose your company
Who clove to me so close whate'er the weather,
From winter unto winter, wet or dry.

Now, 'tis hard to part with the conviction that Mrs. Barbauld's famous lyric unconsciously inspired Mr. Monkhouse here; and, while Mrs. Barbauld's poem is a lyric, Mr. Monkhouse's poem possesses nothing of the lyric save its form. He has amplified overmuch, and produced in five stanzas, marred by sad prosaic lapses, a "round-and-round" version, as Coleridge said of Hazlitt's attempts at a Lamb-like style, of the original noble concept. But to be reminiscent in this fashion is the almost inevitable fate of poets in these times of surfeit. We should not have noticed the reminiscence in Mr. Monkhouse's poem if the result had been less unfortunate. His book contains not a few poems, both in the freer lyrical measures and in old forms, such as the rondeau and the sonnet, that cannot but please and interest lovers of poetry.

BIBLIOGRAFIA DELLA SCHERMA.*

BIBLIOGRAPHY cannot pretend to the status of a very high branch of literature; yet it is not without a dignity of its own. It requires a certain modicum of attainments in its propounders, among which must be reckoned a capacity for taking endless trouble, a definite amount of discrimination, acquaintance with many matters of antiquarian interest connected with the history of the printed book, and, in the case of a general account of any given subject, a rudimentary knowledge at least of Latin and foreign languages.

A special "bibliography" appeals almost solely to specialists; to such, a grossly imperfect work is likely to cause irritation proportionate to the keen interest they expected to find in a correct compilation. It is not too much to say that the *General Bibliography of the Art of Fence*, which for months was so widely announced by the Cavaliere Gelli to amateurs, collectors, and bibliophiles of every nation, must have been received when it at last appeared by the numerous subscribers to this self-assertive volume with the most depressing sense of disappointment.

It is, indeed, difficult to conceive how any one having at hand the endless resources which Cavaliere Gelli commanded in the shape of previous works on the same subject, and of epistolary contributions from almost every collector in the world, could have serenely issued for publication such an outrageously careless compilation as the *Bibliografia della Scherma*. From the very first page, addressed to the reader, the work assumes almost the character of a burlesque. "It is now," says the Cavaliere, "many years since Mr. Foster, W.F., compiled a somewhat lengthy list of books on fencing, which he had extracted from sundry back numbers of *Notes and Queries*." This definite statement refers to a very copious, and, with few exceptions, very accurate list of works, published under a very methodical form, by a well-known bibliophile, in two successive numbers of *Notes and Queries*. Cavaliere Gelli, notwithstanding repeated assertions that he has personally scanned every available source of information, takes Mr. Foster's answer to a query to be the oldest book on the Bibliography of Fencing.

"Monsieur Vigeant," continues our careful bibliographer, "in his *Escrime Ancienne et Moderne*, showed great superiority over Mr. Foster, W.F. Four years later the Englishman, Egerton Castle, gave, as an Introduction to his *Schools and Masters of Fence*, a catalogue of books relative to Swordsmanship, and mentioned sixty-four works published between the XVth and the XIXth centuries, which had been unknown to M. Vigeant. *I, for my part, have added several hundreds to those cited by these authors.*" Signor Gelli, however, in this recitation of his various sources of information omits all mention of the Bibliographical Appendix to the Fencing, Boxing, and Wrestling volume in the Badminton Library, the whole contents of which are, however, ingeniously incorporated in his bulky tome. He likewise makes no mention of the catalogue covering almost exhaustively the ground of purely Italian fencing literature which prefaces Signor Masaniello Parise's *Trattato di Scherma*. And it might be pointed out that books on the subject at hand are numerous enough to make it quite unnecessary to quote one and the same book under several

rubrics. (Angelo, for instance, is made to appear in the Italian, the French, and the English Bibliography; Andrew Mahon is English and Irish in different parts of the volume. Carranza, Carvalho, Luis, in a similar manner, represent Spain and Portugal.) It was for the same purpose, no doubt—namely, that of swelling a volume, sufficiently ponderous in itself, to still more imposing proportions—that the author expounds at length the titles of such works as *Les Haras et les Remontes*; *Les Tireurs de Pistole*; *Les Hommes de Cheval*, and other productions from the pen of the Baron de Vaux; Romeyn de Hooghe's treatise on wrestling, and the German regulations for dispersed order.

The Cavaliere Gelli claims to have "studied" upwards of four hundred and fifty works (exclusive of different editions of the same), and "flatters himself that the public will appreciate his immense labour, as much for the great effort it required as for the *scrupulous exactitude* he has imposed on himself." As a peroration to a somewhat lengthy account of his claims to the reader's gratitude comes an assurance that "the author will be infinitely obliged to any person who may discover inexactitudes or omissions, if they will be good enough to acquaint him with the same."

If it were still time to introduce the corrections—almost amounting to the rewriting of this unfortunate production—which would be necessary to make of Cavaliere Gelli's book a tolerable work of reference, one might almost be tempted, *pour l'amour de l'art*, to act on this airy and confident request. But as matters now stand it may well be held as a doubtful question whether the Cavaliere would not be more dismayed than pleased, or even interested, were he to receive from some conscientious peruser a copy of his own work, carefully corrected in red ink, and displaying in pitiless array upwards of seven hundred and fifty errors of commission and omission. Errors of fact in the controversial introduction and in the critico-historical notes; errors of arrangement as to languages; errors typographical, errors grammatical; errors (some very comical) almost too numerous to detail in the French text. Such a service might be taken as perhaps too eloquent a comment on the powerful effort this book seems to have cost the writer, and especially on his self-imposed task of "scrupulous exactitude."

Perhaps a less pointed manner of effecting the desired amendments, in view, let us say, of a second edition, would be to recommend Cavaliere Gelli to collate his entries—and to take in so doing about as much trouble as we should expect from a clerk engaged on copying a catalogue—with those that are to be found in standard books which the bibliographer of fencing should be acquainted with. Among these might be suggested for Germany the writings of the great eighteenth century authority on such and cognate matters, Friedrich Kahn of Göttingen, of Ludwig Roux, of the erudite Dr. Wassmannsdorff of Heidelberg, and of Colonel Max Jähns, the military antiquarian; for Spain Almirante's *Bibliografia Militar* (Almirante is the name of a trustworthy Spanish bibliographer, not an adjective, as Cavaliere Gelli seems to imagine); for France Vigeant's well-known work; for England and general information that much-despised "book" of Foster, W.F., and the *Biblioteca Artis Dimicatoriae* in the Badminton Library.

From these sources, with the help of an ample margin and widely-detached paragraphs, with a few amplifications, it would be still possible to fill a tolerably thick volume which would have over the present one the advantage of giving at least a faithful reproduction of book-titles and some trustworthy bibliographical indications—which Cavaliere Gelli seems, by the way, to consider quite superfluous in a bibliography.

If this plan were carried out, the reader, thirsting for information, might be spared the irritation of perusing entries couched like the following:—

LEBKOMMER H.

Der Alten Fechter (an fengliche kunst, mit sampt verborge) neuer. Heimlichkeiten, Kämpfens (Ringens), Werffens, v.s.w. Figurlich furgemahet bischer nooh nicht vorgekommen;

or the tantalization of beholding the name of a new, unknown work—

HORMAYER. *Geschichte, Fechter—*

without any further indication or remark; or, expecting bibliographical details, of having palmed off on him an unpardonably misspelt copy of some abbreviated title, prematurely curtailed with the usual &c. or v.s.w. of secondhand bookshop catalogues; or, when happy in the thought that he had at last discovered a hitherto unknown German author, let us say Metzger (according to Cavaliere Gelli), the shock of finding out that it is, after all, but the well-known book—in Dutch, to make the thing more complete—of one G. Hess, dedicated to Dr. Mezger, the renowned masseur. He would be saved the annoyance of reading Portuguese for Spanish (finding, as a set-off, the monumental works of the Spaniard Carranza among supposititious Portuguese works), and of having to put up with the barbarous appearance of Spanish letterpress shorn of its characteristic ñs.

For the English reader, however, Cavaliere Gelli's great work has one redeeming quality; many parts of the *Bibliographie Anglaise* contain Jokes in sober Earnest recalling the immortal "who the little book" of Fonseca. Here may be culled a rich harvest of new words—*Blackveal* as a patronymic, presumably Blackwell; *Gandhurst*, the geographical name of our military college; *pengravings*, which we take to mean etchings; *Trinitz Coll.*; *Bannister at-lau*; Viscount *Evol. sterreford*.

We cannot refrain from quoting *in extenso* the title of the latest

* *Bibliografia generale della scherma, con note critiche, biografiche e storiche. Testo italiano e francese—Illustrazioni originali di E. Gelli; ritratti in zincotipia. Firenze: Tipografia Editrice di Luigi Niccolai. 1890.*

English book of Fence, as interpreted by the scrupulous and exact pen of Cavaliere Gelli:—

• POLLOCK, W. GROVE, F. C. ET PREVOST. C.

Fencing—With historical contributions et a general Bibliography des Egerton Castle, F.S.A. des Walter Pollock, F. C. Grove et Camille Prevost.—London 1889. Longmans et Co.

Il Signor Pollock è altresì autore di opere molto apprezzate; tra le quali, "A Nine,"—“MENS!”—MARIUS.”

The asterisk, according to the author's well-digested method, indicates that the work is one of importance, with which he is well acquainted.

Considering the immense labour which the *Bibliografia della Scherma* seems, on the author's own testimony, to have required, to result in such a production, it is a matter of wonder that he should have adopted the utterly unnecessary plan of double text, Italian and French, especially with a totally inadequate acquaintance with the latter language. There is no doubt that Cavaliere Gelli, who is the author of several works more or less connected with swordsmanship, cannot be congratulated on his last literary effort.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE excellent work which M. John Grand-Carteret has done in the history of caricature, and also in other matters, prepared us to expect a good book in his *Bismarck en caricatures* (1), and we are not disappointed. The subject is not a very easy one to handle before Frenchmen, whose many good qualities can hardly be said to include that of magnanimity to a fallen foe. But M. Grand-Carteret has approached it in a right spirit. His motto—"Ce n'est pas en injuriant l'ennemi, c'est en l'appréciant à sa juste valeur, qu'on s'honne" shows this; and his execution is in as good taste as his conception. Nothing but the want of such good taste could mar the interest of such a collection. Although M. Grand-Carteret has searched all European periodicals for his cuts, he naturally draws most largely on German papers, and especially (the Prussian censorship being too strict for much liberty) on Austrian and, before 1866, minor German documents. Many, if not most, of these are by no means well known to Englishmen, whose opinion of them will be not a little heightened by the copious selections here from the Vienna *Figaro*. M. Grand-Carteret admits English examples, and speaks of Mr. Tenniel's admirable "Dropping the Pilot" (the French "Congédiant le pilote," by the way, rather injures the epigraph by emphasizing one side of its double meaning too much) with deserved praise; but it is curious to note that he refuses the title of strict caricature to it. We do not object to this refusal; we merely note it. As to the caricature history of the ex-Chancellor, as given here, it is in the highest degree interesting, though not in the least surprising, to note the probably unconscious change which his triumphs of 1866 and 1870 produced on that servile flock of humanity whereof we are all members. Before the latter date pretty generally—before the earlier certainly, and without, we think, an exception—the type of the caricaturist's Bismarck is, if anything, rather a mean one. In especial there is nothing in the least military about it; and when, as sometimes happens, the Count is represented in uniform, a distinct National Guard or citizen-in-armour turn is given to him. The Bismarck, not only of the days before his accession to full power in 1862, but of those almost up to 1870, is an extremely civilian-looking personage, rather sly than fierce, and even with a pronounced *avocat* look about him. Even his height and size seem to have produced no remarkable impression, and in groups he is not represented as by any means dominating others in these respects. All this of course is exceedingly natural, but it is not by any means indifferent to have it set before one panoramically.

We shall probably be able to take further notice of the extremely handsome volume—worthy of M. Jouaust's imprint—which contains the record, with full-page heliogravures by the Dujardin process, of M. Elie Cabrol's travels in Greece (2). For the present we can only speak generally of it. Most of the plates, as is natural, are devoted to the antiquities of Attica, but Athens does not monopolize them, and we may note a very fine view of the Acrocorinthus.

We do not think the less well of the edition of one of Molière's masterpieces which M. Jouaust has just added to his charming series (3) that neither the editor, M. Vitu, nor the illustrator, M. Leloir, takes quite the same view of the piece that we do. M. Vitu talks of the "âme naïve" of Agnes. Heaven bless us all and defend us from such naïveté, to which some might prefer the corruption of Manon Lescaut or Madeleine de Maupin! We should say that the defect, if there be any, of the piece is the ferocity of its satire on women. M. Leloir, on the other hand, makes his Agnes a passionate, thoughtful damsel of a somewhat Italian type, in appearance sincerely sorry for the Arnolphe who crouches to her in despairing attitude. But these differences of conception will exist, and we may hasten to say that, as a work of art, this is one of the best of M. Leloir's illustrations, and that the introduction shows all M. Vitu's knowledge and literary faculty.

Most people who know anything about the France of the eighteenth century know something of the Duke of Nivernais (4), who figures

(1) *Bismarck en caricatures*. Par John Grand-Carteret. Paris: Perrin.

(2) *Voyage en Grèce*. Par E. Cabrol. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(3) *Molière. L'école des femmes*. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(4) *Un petit-neveu de Mazarin*. Par Lucien Perey. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

not seldom in the diplomatic and courtly, and to some extent in the literary, history of Louis XV.'s reign. A few may remember that he was the grandson of Mazarin's nephew, for whom the Cardinal had bought the dukedom of Nevers from the Gonzagas, and that in his case the blood of the Mancinis was enriched by that of Spinola and Damas. But even those who know as much will probably admit that they did not know very much about him before this book of M. Lucien Perey's, the great merit of which is, that it comes from a writer who is intimately acquainted with the whole atmosphere of his period, an advantage not to be overestimated in such work, and far too rarely present. The book is not extremely anecdotic, but we must cite one excellent story of a prior who was much given to book-stealing. He thought himself on his death-bed, and sent for his chief victims to beg their pardon. But, being a thrifty soul, he also begged for leave to keep the result of his past thefts and for prospective absolution for any he might commit in future. They gave it; and he promptly got well.

Our next book (5), by a Paris barrister, is a very odd one, containing a great deal of good sense mixed with some sense not so good, and delivered with the curious old-fashioned freedom from fear of uttering truisms and conventionalities which is so rare nowadays. Therefore it is worth reading; but how many people will read it, and how many would profit by it if they did, are different questions.

We find some difficulty in pronouncing any new criticism on the volumes of M. Zeller's great history of Germany, which succeed one another after a fashion creditable to his industry. The sixth (6) deals with the Marchfeld battle and its result, with the establishment of the Hapsburgs, and with the history of the fourteenth century and a little more. The old objection, that the book is far too voluminous for a general sketch and not sufficiently supported by references and detailed argument for a complete history, recurs; but M. Zeller has made his own plan, and must be indulged in it.

Even newspaper letters are better than nothing in the way of history, and M. Max Leclerc's lively letters (7) to the *Débats* all the better deserve the reproduction that accounts of the Brazilian Revolution at anything like first hand are very far to seek. It is true that M. Leclerc arrived considerably after the fair; but his accounts of what he saw and of what he did not see agree admirably with what the student of politics might have expected. The Empire was huge, thinly peopled, possessed of no corporate feeling, debauched by a sham Liberalism which was neither Monarchy nor Republic. The reign of the *avocat*, which has long existed in almost all modern countries, and is now spreading to England, had dawned. The *avocats* got a disappointed general to back them, and, in a disgraceful term appropriate to a disgusting thing, "revoluted." *Ce n'était pas plus raide que ça*. For the whole moral of the thing is that in purely modern Governments there is no principle of stability.

The new volume of the *Bibliothèque Scientifique Internationale* is a valuable sketch, from the most competent hand of M. Berthelot, of what Lavoisier did in chemistry (8)—a sketch completing, from the scientific side, the biography of the ill-fated savant and financier which M. Grimaux published not long ago.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MR. W. S. Lilly's vindication of the one true method in ethics—*On Right and Wrong* (Chapman & Hall)—is not wanting in the courage and sincerity of conviction that should distinguish the dealings of a prophet with a backsliding people. In times of peril the moral philosopher must needs accept to some extent the prophet's vocation, if he would not be left derelict on the advancing tide he is called upon to oppose. Perhaps Mr. Lilly overestimates the powers of materialism and their influence. In some respects, we think, he certainly has done so. He magnifies, in one or two directions, that influence in dealing with its effects on the national life as a whole. But this error, if error it be, does not affect the soundness of his ethical standpoint. "We are living in a moral crisis," says Mr. Lilly. The principles upon which are based the old ethical ideas of right and wrong, of free-will and moral obligation, are questioned or discredited as materialism advances and triumphs. In art, in politics, in literature, in society, in all the more important departments of human life, Mr. Lilly traces the corroding influences of materialism. The province of physics has no longer its old set limitations, and the intrusion of physicists into the field of ethics has led to the interpretation of man by matter—the entire man, as Mr. Lilly puts it, his intellectual and moral being as well as his corporal frame. Hence the new morality of materialistic ethics, which, whether embodied in Mr. Herbert Spencer's scheme of a "scientific basis" of the rules of right conduct, or in Professor Huxley's ethical teaching, is simple hedonism according to Mr. Lilly. With characteristic vigour and clearness he sets forth the faith that is in him. His outlines of "Rational Ethics" define free will as man's distinctive endowment; morality as the deliberate self-submission to duty, and duty itself as the ethically necessary. He refers moral obligation, not to experience, but to reason, and succinctly describes the rule

(5) *Les enfants mal élevés*. Par F. Nicolay. Paris: Perrin.

(6) *Les empereurs du XIV^{me} siècle*. Par Jules Zeller. Paris: Perrin.

(7) *Lettres du Brésil*. Par Max Leclerc. Paris: Plon.

(8) *La révolution chimique—Lavoisier*. Par M. Berthelot. Paris: Alcan.

of ethics as "the natural and permanent revelation of reason." Hence the term "Rational Ethics." But it is difficult to discover any rational basis for the idea of right or "ethical good" as "a simple ab-original idea." In the index to Mr. Lilly's book we find, under the letter W, "Wrong, see Right," a brief yet eloquent admission that you cannot see the wrong but by acknowledging the right, which is suggestive of the old theological doctrine of the conviction of sin through the law. Mr. Lilly observes (p. 98) "our intuitions of right and wrong are first principles anterior to all systems, just as are the intuitions of existence and of number," and to these he might have added "intuitions of pre-existence." But how those intuitions can be said to be founded in reason we cannot perceive. From this point of view the term "Rational Ethics" is scarcely happy. The average unsophisticated young person and most children are richly endowed in this respect. Reason has nothing whatever to do with their simple and assured convictions. We would go further than Mr. Lilly's recognition of intuitions of right and wrong as innate ideas, anterior to all systems. They should be classed with the "high instincts" of Wordsworth's noble ode, and are not the mere produce of "la sôye morale de la vieille croyance," which Mr. Lilly charitably believes still works, through the force of heredity, in the spiritual being of Mr. Huxley. Stirring, indeed, is Mr. Lilly's application of the one true rule of ethics to contemporary life, though somewhat melancholy is the survey of society devastated by the pernicious teachings of materialism. Degradation of the ethical ideal everywhere in progress, and the ten righteous men hard to find,—such is the impression Mr. Lilly's book yields.

T. E. S. T. offers to inquiring minds a test of all theories in *The Two Kinds of Truth* (T. Fisher Unwin), a discursive volume that treats of evolution, immortality, creation, instinct, design, natural selection, and fifty other subjects. The two kinds of truth are the universal and the natural truth; the former susceptible of proof by experience and experiment, the latter "necessarily and universally true, under all circumstances, at all times, in all places, and in all relations conceivable by the mind." The author applies his test to ancient and modern philosophic systems with exemplary courage. His illustrations of the two kinds of truth are extremely varied, often striking and ingenious, and when applied to the writings of Darwin's most advanced disciples are highly effective. It is a pity that a writer so stimulative and interesting should be so disdainful of literary method. A mighty maze his book is, and, we fear it must be added, quite without a plan. His quotations, especially from the poets, are altogether inordinate, and frequently irrelevant.

Mr. J. Romilly Allen's *Monumental History of the Early British Church* (S. P. C. K.) is a little book on ancient ecclesiastical art and archaeology in Great Britain and Ireland that supplies a good general survey of the subjects, and is fully illustrated, partly from other works, partly from original drawings or "rubbings" of the author. For readers who have not the command of a large library this is a useful and readable volume.

A more complex subject is treated with considerable tact by the Rev. T. P. Garnier in *The Title Deeds of the Church of England* (S. P. C. K.), a condensed narrative of ecclesiastical history that aims at the vindication of the position and claims of the Church of England.

Mr. John Pendleton's *Newspaper Reporting in Olden Time and To-day* (Elliot Stock), recently added to the "Book-Lover's Library," comprises a brief sketch of reporting in the days before shorthand, and a full and interesting account of modern practice. The contrast of the old and the new methods is strikingly illustrated. Among the anecdotes of the skill, the alertness, and misadventures of Parliamentary reporters, of which Mr. Pendleton offers a rich gleaning, we do not find Coleridge mentioned among the moderns who emulated Woodfall's feats in reporting from memory. His sketch of the reporter's work in the House is, however, lively and interesting, and is accompanied by an illustrative plan of the Reporters' Gallery showing the various positions of the summary writers and reporters. As to shorthand, the development of which is fully set forth, it seems that most of "our little systems have their day," and, while one reporter only is faithful to that of Byrom, some sixty follow the phonographic rule of Pitman.

Of another kind of work in the House of Commons a pleasing and faithful account may be found in Mr. C. W. Radclyffe Cooke's *Four Years in Parliament with Hard Labour* (Allen & Co.), a series of reprinted sketches of a new member's impressions of the House, his relations with his constituency, and so forth.

In *Travel, Adventure, and Sport*, from *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. 8, an anonymous romance, "The Pirates of Segna," originally printed in 1844, recalls something of the daring and the skill of "Monk" Lewis. The mask worn by the heroine, to judge from its effectiveness, must have been yet more cunning and more artistic in contrivance than that of the "Bravo" in Lewis's story.

Reprinted from the *Manchester Weekly Times*, without the writer's name, *Sir Charles Hall: a Sketch of his Career* (Heywood), is a memoir that will interest all lovers of music.

Some excellent photographic illustrations of St. John's Gate, the Water-gate of York House, Barnard's Inn, and other ancient buildings, are included in the pretty booklet, *Quaint London* (Truslove & Shirley).

One question that has occurred to many people in connexion with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is satisfactorily answered in the sixth *Annual Report* of the Society,

now before us. The imprisonment of brutal parents moved many to ask, "What will they do when they come out?" With six years' experience, the Society's answer is, "Behave better." In fact, this portion of the Society's work is found to be "a successful education."

The current issue of *L'Art* contains a fresh instalment of M. Félix Naquet's review of the paintings at the Salon, with excellent illustrations in the text, an etching by M. Courtois-Dumont after M. Moreau's characteristic picture "Le Rêve," and a fine study by M. Detaille for the mounted trumpeter in his spirited picture "En Batterie."

In *Our Celebrities* for June (Sampson Low & Co.) are portraits of Lord Cross, Mr. H. M. Stanley, and Mr. Pinero, all admirable examples of Mr. Walery's skill.

Mr. Phineas T. Barnum's *Funny Stories* (Routledge) prove, on examination, to be, for the most part, nothing but a string of "chestnuts."

Among new editions we have to acknowledge Mr. A. B. Mitford's delightful *Tales of Old Japan*, in one volume, illustrated (Macmillan & Co.), and the Rev. Dr. Belcher's *The Miracles of Healing* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.).

We have also received Professor Laurie's *Lectures on Language and Linguistic Method in the School* (Cambridge: at the University Press); a new edition of the *New Spanish Reader*, by Messrs. Sauer and Roehrich (David Nutt); *Longman's Junior School Algebra*, by William S. Beard (Longmans & Co.); No. 1 of the "Nursing Record Series"—*Antiseptics in Surgery*, addressed to Nurses, by E. Stanmore Bishop, F.R.C.S. (Sampson Low & Co.); *Our Babies, and How to Take Care of Them*, six lectures, by Florence Stacpoole (Gardner); *The Mystery of Crowther Castle, and other Stories*, by G. W. H. Firmstone (Digby & Long); *Transactions of the Westmoreland and Cumberland Antiquarian Society*, Part I., Vol. XI.; *A State Iniquity*, by Benjamin Scott, F.R.A.S. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Bridges*, by J. W. Rundall (Edinburgh: R. & R. Clark), and the Index to Vols. I.—X. of *The American Journal of Philology* (Baltimore: Gildersleeve).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF NO. 1,809, JUNE 28, 1890:

Chronicle.

The Government and Public Business.

The Affair of Vicq. Public v. Private Asylums.

Princes and Peers. The Police. Educated Ignorance.

The Housing of the Poor. The True Story of Tipperary.

Mr. Bainton's Defence. Mr. Caine's Resignation.

The Anglo-German Agreement.

Links not Missing—VII.

Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition.

The Shipping Trade. The License of Novelists—IV.

Sculpture at the Royal Academy.

The Apologia of the Actor-Manager—II. Racing at Ascot.

Exhibitions. Money Matters.

"Bevor" No More.

Church and State under the Tudors.

Novels. Ancient Athens.

Robert Drury's Journal. Books on Elizabethan Literature.

Yorkshire Legends and Traditions.

A Fourteenth-Century Prayer-Book. Two School Histories.

Life and Letters of the Rev. Adam Sedgwick.

The Barons of Pulford. The Church of Scotland Past and Present.

Lord Dufferin's Speeches in India. Corn and Poppies.

Bibliografia della Scherma. French Literature.

New Books and Reprints.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION
NOW OPEN.

Admission, One Shilling, from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M.

IVAN AIVASOVSKY.—A Collection of Thirty large and important MARINE PAINTINGS by this well-known Russian artist now ON VIEW at the GOUVIL GALLERIES, BOUSSOD VALADON, & CO., 117 New Bond Street. Admission, 1s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIREWORKS! FIREWORKS!
GRAND DISPLAY every THURSDAY at 6.30 by C. T. BROCK & CO. The novelties of 1890 include a new spectacular device, "MAN THE LIFE BOAT," a nautical dramatic story in Fireworks, with realistic effects. Snake chasing Butterfly round trunk and branches of tree, Whistling Rockets, &c. Admission daily, One Shilling.

A RUNDÉL 'SOCIETY.—Entrance Fee of Associates, £1 1s. Associates who desire it can now become Second Subscribers immediately, and can afterwards be promoted to be First Subscribers, when sufficient Vacancies occur. Annual Subscriptions (of either First or Second Subscribers), £1 1s.

A RUNDÉL SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS for 1890.

For First Subscribers:—"CHASE OF MALPAGA." Chromolithograph after Romanino.

For Second Subscribers:—"CHRIST AMONG THE DOCTORS." Chromolithograph after Boccaccini.

Offices: 19 St. James Street, S.W.

DOUGLAS H. GORDON, *Secretary.*

OIL PAINTINGS.—Messrs. DICKINSON & FOSTER undertake COMMISSIONS for PORTRAITS in OILS up to life-size. Their Studio, 114 New Bond Street, is always Open for inspection, free.

PLEASURE CRUISES to the LAND of the MIDNIGHT SUN.—The ORIENT COMPANY's steamship "CHIMBORAZO" (3,647 tons) and "GARONNE" (3,676 tons) will make a series of TRIPS to NORWAY during the season, visiting the finest Fjords. The dates of departure from London will be as follows, and from Leith two days later:

July 15, for fifteen days. July 23, for twenty-seven days.

August 4, for twenty-one days.

The steamers will be navigated through the "Inner lead"—i.e., inside the fringe of Islands off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water. The steamer leaving July 23 will proceed to the North Cape, where the sun may be seen above the horizon at midnight. The "CHIMBORAZO" and "GARONNE" are fitted with the electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.

(F. GREEN & CO., 13 Fenchurch Avenue, and Managers, 139 ANDERSON, ANDERSON, & CO., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.)

For further particulars apply to the latter firm.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1863.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.

Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,000,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, *General Manager.*

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH LAW LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION. Founded 1839. Whole Life Bonuses never less than 41 1/2 per cent. per Annum. Annuities. Loans. Liberal Conditions.

W.M. SMITH, LL.D., *Manager*, 129 Princes Street, Edinburgh.

ARTHUR JACKSON, *General Manager* 13 Waterloo Place, London.

FRANCIS E. COLENSO, F.L.A., *Acty. & Sec.* 13 Waterloo Place, London.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE.—LOMBARD STREET and CHARING CROSS, LONDON.—Established 1792. Moderate Rates. Absolute Security. Liberal Loss Settlements. Prompt payment of Claims.

W. G. MACDONALD, F. B. MACDONALD, *Joint Secretaries.*

Losses paid over £17,000,000.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.—Established 1836. LONDON.—1 MOORGATE STREET, E.C. ABERDEEN.—1 UNION TERRACE.

INCOME AND FUNDS (1889).—

Fire Premiums	£626,000
Life Premiums	265,000
Interest	155,000

Accumulated Funds, £3,780,000.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE,—50 REGENT STREET, W. FOUNDED 1806.

FINANCIAL POSITION.

Existing Assurances	£7,470,866
Invested Funds	£2,925,456
Annual Income	£315,952
Claims and Surrenders paid	£5,891,990
Bonuses declared	£2,971,852

ENDOWMENT.—Policies payable during lifetime or at death are now granted with Participation in Profits.

SURRENDER VALUES are allowed after the payment of One Full Year's Premium, or Paid-up Policies are granted upon liberal terms in lieu of the surrender value in cash.

Prospectuses may be obtained on application to

CHARLES STEVENS,

Actuary and Secretary.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. THREE per CENT. INTEREST on DEPOSITS repayable on demand. TWO per CENT. on CREDIT ACCOUNTS when not drawn below £100. The Bank undertakes, free of charge, the Custody of Securities and Valuables, Bills of Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons; and the Purchase and Sale of Stocks, Shares, and Annuities. Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued. THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, *Manager.*

A YRTON & THOMAS, PATENT AGENTS,

Conduct every kind of British, Foreign, and Colonial Business connected with

PATENTS, DESIGNS, AND TRADE MARKS.

Provisional Protection, lasting nine months, £3 3s. Subsequent Complete Patent, £6 6s. French Patent, £8; Belgian, £1; German, £10. Book of Charges free.

Telegraphic Address, "Prolonged, London."

59 & 60 CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

METROPOLITAN DRINKING FOUNTAIN and CATTLE TRough ASSOCIATION.

Supported entirely by Voluntary Contributions.

This is the only Society providing Free Supplies of Water for Man and Beast in the streets of London and Suburbs.

Contributions are very earnestly solicited.

Bankers: Messrs. BARCLAY, BRYAN, TRITTON, RANSOM, BOUVERIE, & CO.

117 Victoria Street, S.W.

M. W. MILTON, *Secretary.*

EDUCATIONAL.

BEDFORD COLLEGE, LONDON (for LADIES), & 8 YORK PLACE, BAKER STREET, W.

The PROFESSORSHIP of GERMAN is VACANT. Applications and Testimonials to be sent not later than July 14. All particulars to be obtained from LUCY J. RUSSELL, Honorary Secretary.

THE COLONIAL COLLEGE and TRAINING FARMS (Limited), HOLLESLEY BAY, SUFFOLK. For the TRAINING of YOUTHS for COLONIAL LIFE, &c.

Prospectus on application to the Resident Director.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—Election to FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS (two of £50, one of £50, and one of £40) on July 18, 1890. Candidates must be under Fourteen years of age on January 1, 1890.—For further particulars apply to the WARDEN, Radley College, near Abingdon.

BRIGHTON LADIES' COLLEGE, SUSSEX.

Head-Mistress—Miss WILLOUGHBY, B.A. University of London;

assisted by Lady-Graduates, Honourums, and London Professors.

French or German spoken by all the resident Staff.

French premises; liberal arrangements; wide culture.

For Prospectus address H. PERCY-BRUCHE, Esq., 25 Bedford Row, London, W.C., or

THE WARDEN, Brighton Ladies' College.

ST. CLARE COLLEGE, WALMER, KENT.

Head-Master—The Rev. E. D'AUQUIER, M.A. Clare College, Camb.

One of the Examiners to the Irish Board of Intermediate Education, late Head-Master of South-Eastern College, Ramsgate, with a staff of Assistant Masters (Graduates).

The College is situated in a delightful spot, close to the sea, and contains teaching and social rooms, a large hall, a library, a drawing room, laundry, gymnasium, tuckshop, workshop, &c., 14 acres of well-timbered and beautiful grounds, cycle path, cricket and football fields, tennis-courts, &c., sea-bathing and boating.

The school year is divided into three terms; each term consists of about thirteen weeks. Inclusive fees, Eighty Guineas per annum. Exhibitions and Scholarships, of £10, £15, and £20, are annually thrown open for competition.

For further information, apply to the Head-Master.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, ALBERT EMBANKMENT, LONDON, S.E.

TWO ENTRANCE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of 125 guineas and 200 respectively, open to all first year students, will be offered for competition in September 1890.

Special Classes held throughout the year for the "PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC" and "INTERMEDIATE M.B." Examinations of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON, and may be joined at any time.

Entries may be made to Lectures or Hospital Practice, and special arrangements are made for Students entering in their second or subsequent years; also for Dental Students and for Qualified Practitioners.

Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, Mr. GEORGE RENDLE.

E. NETTLESHIP, *Dean.*

ALLHALLOWS SCHOOL, HONITON, DEVON.

SUCCESSIONS in 1890: Queen's Scholarship at Westminster. Senior Scholarship at Rossall, Chancery School, and Scholarships at Charterhouse, 1890; the following Scholarships have been obtained from the School, besides University and other distinctions: Four Scholarships at Winchester, Five at Charterhouse, Six at Westminster, Three at Bradford, Three at Cheltenham, Three at Marlborough, One at Rossall.—For particulars, apply to the Rev. A. BYRDE, Head-Master.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up VACANCIES on the FOUNDATION and EXHIBITIONS will take place on July 8, 9, and 10.

For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

OUNDLE SCHOOL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. FIVE SCHOLARSHIPS at least will be competed for on July 8. For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

BOYS prepared for the Universities, Public Services, Professions, and Business. Fees moderate and inclusive.

PRÉ SCILLA, LAUSANNE.—Miss WILLS, late Head-Mistress of the Norwich High School, has a very comfortable EDUCATIONAL HOME for ELDER GIRLS. Garden, and full-sized Tennis-court. Numbers limited.

STAMMERERS should read a book by a gentleman who cured himself after suffering nearly forty years. Price 12s. Stamp.—B. BEASLEY, Brampton Park, near Huntingdon.

KENT SANATORIUM, NORTHGROVE, HAWKHURST. Situate midway between Hastings and Tunbridge Wells. A HOME for CARE and TREATMENT of PERSONS suffering from MENTAL and NERVOUS DISEASES, and for Voluntary Boarders and their friends. For particulars apply to F. AWBREY HARRIS, B.A. Cantab, Secretary.

RADFORD HOUSE, COVENTRY. PREPARATORY SCHOOL for the SONS of GENTLEMEN. Established 1860. Boys received from Six to Twelve years of age, and prepared for College and Local Examinations, which have hitherto been successfully passed by the Pupils of this School. Eight acres of recreation ground.—Apply for particulars to Mrs. and Miss HOUGHTON.

SCHOOL PIANOS.—NEW MODELS, from 18 Guineas.

All the latest Improvements. These instruments are remarkable for their beautiful tone, perfect touch, and durability. PIANOS for HIRE, or on the THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.—W. J. ENNEVE & SON, Manufacturers, 57 Berners Street, London, W.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, STRAND, W.C.—The COUNCIL earnestly appeal for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS, £20,000 required for new Nursing Establishment, enlargement of Medical School, Convalescent Home, and current expenses. Bankers: Messrs. DUNMORD.

ARTHUR E. READE, *Secretary.*

FOR THE DECORATION OF THE HOME visit **THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY'S** Gallery, 74 New Oxford Street, W.C. A noble display of Copies of THE GREAT MASTERS, framed and unframed.

The Chefs-d'œuvre of THE NATIONAL COLLECTIONS of London, Paris, Rome, Dresden, St. Petersburg, Madrid, &c. &c. &c.

Catalogue of 186 pages, Sixpence, post free. A descriptive Pamphlet free by post on application to

THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY.

812

THE CORPORATION OF THE

SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

Head Office—No. 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH. | London Office—17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

TRUSTEES.

Sir ROBERT JARDINE, of Castlemilk, Bart., M.P.
JOHN COVAN, Esq., of Bessiehill, Midlothian.A. H. LESLIE MELVILLE, Esq., Banker, Lincoln.
J. A. CAMPBELL, Esq., of Stracathro, LL.D., M.P.

The Right Hon. LORD WATSON, of Thaxkerton.

THE FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING was held at EDINBURGH on 26th March, 1890.
The following are the Results reported for the year:—

The New Assurances completed were £1,023,179.

Being for the Sixteenth year in succession above a Million.

Premiums in year £612,192. Total Income, £893,109.

The Expenses were under 10 per cent. of premiums, or 5½ of total income.

The Claims of year (including Bonus Additions*) were £312,706.

* These averaged 50·7 per cent. on Assurances which participated.

The ACCUMULATED FUNDS now exceed £7,000,000.

Their INCREASE, the largest in any one year, was £176,999.

HISTORY AND CONSTITUTION.

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION was instituted in 1837, with the object of giving to the ASSURED the full benefit of the LOW PREMIUMS hitherto confined to a few of the PROPRIETARY OFFICES, while at the same time retaining the WHOLE PROFIT to the Policyholders.

Experience has proved that, with economy and careful management, these premiums will not only secure greatly LARGER ASSURANCES from the first, but by reserving the surplus for those who live to secure the Common Fund from loss, may in many cases provide EVENTUAL BENEFITS as large as can be obtained under the more usual system of High Premiums.

The RATES OF PREMIUM are so moderate that at most ages an Assurance of £1,000 to £1,200 may be secured for the same yearly premium which would

generally elsewhere assure (with profits) £1,000 only—the excess being equivalent to

An Immediate and Certain Bonus of 20 to 25 per Cent.

The WHOLE PROFITS are divided among the ASSURED on a system at once safe, equitable, and favourable to good lives—no share being given to those whose early death there is a loss to the Common Fund.

The SURPLUS reported at the recent investigation was £1,051,035, of which two-thirds were divided among 9,334 Policies. Policies sharing a first time (with a few unimportant exceptions) were increased, according to duration and class, from 18 or 20 to 24 per cent. Policies which had shared at previous investigations were increased in all by 50 to 80 per cent. and upwards.

Examples of Premiums for £100 at Death—With Profits.

AGE	25	30	35	40	45	50	55
During Life	£1 18 0	£2 1 6	£2 6 10	£2 14 9	£3 5 9	£4 1 7	£5 1 11
21 Payments	2 12 6	2 15 4	3 0 2	3 7 5	3 17 6	4 12 1	5 10 2

[The usual non-participating Rates differ little from these Premiums.]

* A person of 30 may secure £1,000 at death, by a yearly payment, during life, of £20 15s. This premium would generally elsewhere secure £800 only, instead of £1,000. Or, he may secure £1,000 by 21 yearly payments of £27 13s. 4d.—being thus free of payment after age 50.

† At age 40, the Premiums *ceasing at age 60*, is, for £1,000, £33 14s. 2d.—about the same as most offices require during the whole term of life. Before the Premiums have ceased the Policy will have shared in at least one division of profits.

To PROFESSIONAL MEN and others, whose income is dependent on continuance of health, this limited payment system is specially recommended.

The Arrangements as to Surrender, Non-forfeiture, Free Residence, Loans on Policies (within their value), and early payment of Claims, as on all other points of practice, are conceived entirely in the interest of the Members, there being in a Mutual Society no opposing interest.

POLICIES, as a rule, are WORLD-WIDE after five years—provided the Assured has attained the age of 30.

Report, with full Statement of Principles and Tables of Rates, on application.

J. MUIR LEITCH, London Secretary.

JAMES GRAHAM WATSON, Manager.

REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, & CHAPPING PREVENTED.
FAIR WHITE HANDS AND HEALTHFUL SKIN
AND COMPLEXION SECURED.

PEARS' SOAP.

This world-renowned Toilet Soap has obtained FIFTEEN INTERNATIONAL AWARDS as a COMPLEXION SOAP. It is specially suitable for ladies, children, or delicate and sensitive skins generally.

Its regular use cannot fail to benefit the worst complexion.

CRAMER'S PIANOFORTES,

From 25 to 150 Guineas,

On their Three Years' System of Hire, from £2 7s. 6d. per Quarter.

SECOND-HAND INSTRUMENTS

Of all kinds, including Pianos, Harmoniums, American Organs, and Pipe Organs, at all Prices, for Cash or in Cramer's Hire System. Everything warranted or exchangeable.

301 REGENT STREET, W.; AND 46 MOORGATE STREET, E.C.

HOT
MINERAL
SPRINGS
OF BATHDaily yield, 507,600 gallons.
Temperature, 117° to 12°.

These Baths were founded in the First Century by the Romans. The waters are MOST VALUABLE in cases of RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SKIN AFFECTIONS.

The Corporation of Bath have adopted the most approved appliances, and recently enlarged and perfected the Baths at great expense. In the words of one of the greatest Hygienic Physicians—THE BATHS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN EUROPE.

Address the MANAGER for all information.

SCHWEITZER'S
COCOA TINA.

GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.

This Old-established Article retains its position as "the finest Cocoa in the market." It is unequalled in purity and flavour, bears the strictest Chemical test, and keeps in all Climates.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS AND ECONOMICAL.

CARDINAL AND HARFORD,

The oldest-established Importers of

ORIENTAL

CARPETS.

THE LEVANT WAREHOUSE,

108 & 109 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

Catalogues post free.

VAN HOUTEN'S PURE
SOLUBLESTIMULATES AND
NOURISHES.

COCOA

It is a

PERFECT BEVERAGE,

CHEAP, CHEERING, AND SUSTAINING.

FRY'S

Lancet—"Pure, and very soluble."

Medical Times—"Eminently suitable for Invalids."

PURE CONCENTRATED

COCOA.

ILFRACOMBE.—ILFRACOMBE HOTEL, 250 Rooms,
Table d'Hôte Dinner Six to Eight o'clock. Eight Lawn Tennis Courts, large Swimming Bath. Private Marine Esplanade. Tariff of MANAGERS.

VIRGINIA DEBT.

MESSRS. BROWN, SHIPLEY, & CO., acting on behalf of the Committee of Virginia Bondholders in New York, invite the deposit with them of all Securities of the State of Virginia held in this country or on the Continent, to be dealt with in accordance with the Agreement dated May 12, of which a copy is subjoined to this advertisement.

Securities, with July, 1890, and all subsequent Coupons attached, will be received by Messrs. BROWN, SHIPLEY, & CO., on and after July 1 next, at their Counting-house, Founder's Court, Lothbury, London, E.C., in terms of the said Agreement.

17 Moorgate Street, June 21, 1890.

The Council of Foreign Bondholders, acting in conjunction with the English Committee of Virginian Bondholders, directs me to state that, having considered the Agreement above referred to, it recommends Holders to deposit their Bonds, Coupons, and Certificates with Messrs. BROWN, SHIPLEY, & CO.

(Signed) C. OLEARY, Secretary.

New York City, May 12, 1890.

To Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND.
Hon. THOMAS F. BAYARD.
Hon. E. J. PHELPS.
Mr. GEORGE S. COE.
Mr. GEORGE G. WILLIAMS.

GENTLEMEN.—The condition of the debt of Virginia is matter of history.

Her Creditors have for seven years refused to accept the terms proposed by the State, and her people are averse to changing the general purpose of existing laws touching this subject. They are anxious, however, to effect a satisfactory settlement; and on March 3 last the Legislature appointed a Commission to agree with her Creditors upon terms for funding her debt; but this Commission is expressly forbidden to consider any proposition unless security be given that when accepted by the State it will be carried out by the Creditors. Negotiations, therefore, cannot be opened until the Bondholders are represented by an Agency prepared to make a satisfactory disposition of the subject. The undersigned Bondholders' Committee, in connection with The Central Trust Company, The Mercantile Trust and Deposit Company, of Baltimore, The Planters' National Bank, of Richmond, and Messrs. BROWN, SHIPLEY, & CO., of London, have undertaken to effect such adjustment.

They respectfully request that you will serve as the Advisory Board provided for by the enclosed Agreement under which the Bonds of Virginia are to be conditionally deposited.

Your acceptance will be an assurance that the matter submitted for your consideration will receive the most intelligent and impartial criticism; in which you will render to the Creditors and the State a service of the greatest value.

By the terms of the Agreement, your province and function will be to examine such plans and propositions of adjustment as may be formulated and proposed by the holders of the obligations of Virginia, represented by the Bondholders' Committee, and submitted to you in accordance with the terms of the Agreement, and to state your approval and recommendation, or the contrary, of any such propositions.

We have the honour to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servants,
(Signed) FREDERIC P. OLCOPT,
WILLIAM L. BULL,
CHARLES D. DICKEY, Jun.
HUGH R. GARDEN,
HENRY BUDGE,
JOHN GILL,
Bondholders' Committee.

New York City, May 22, 1890.

To Messrs. FREDERIC P. OLCOPT,
WILLIAM L. BULL,
CHARLES D. DICKEY, Jun.
HUGH R. GARDEN,
HENRY BUDGE,
JOHN GILL.

GENTLEMEN.—We have received and duly considered your letter of the 12th inst., and the Agreement, a copy of which was enclosed therein.

In common with other friends of the State of Virginia, we sincerely desire to see her public credit restored, and her people relieved from their present distressing situation.

To promote this object we are willing to act as the Board proposed in your letter, with the mutual understanding that our duties and functions are to "examine such plans or propositions of adjustment as may be formulated and proposed by the holders of the obligations of Virginia (represented by your Committee), and submitted to us in accordance with the terms of the Agreement, and to state our approval and recommendation or the contrary, of any such propositions."

We are, Gentlemen,

Very respectfully your obedient servants,
(Signed) GROVER CLEVELAND,
THOMAS F. BAYARD,
E. J. PHELPS,
GEORGE S. COE,
GEORGE G. WILLIAMS.

THIS AGREEMENT, between FREDERIC P. OLCOPT, CHARLES D. DICKEY, JR., WILLIAM L. BULL, HUGH R. GARDEN, HENRY BUDGE, of New York, and JOHN GILL, of Baltimore, and their successors, duly appointed to act in this behalf, and hereafter styled the BONDHOLDERS' COMMITTEE, parties of the first part, and such CREDITORS OF VIRGINIA as shall deposit their obligations hereunder with either DEPOSITORY hereinafter named, parties of the second part.

Whereas, On March 3, 1890, the State of Virginia created a Commission to agree on terms for funding its debt; and

Whereas, Said Commission cannot entertain any proposition unless accompanied by a guarantee that such proposition, if accepted by the State, will be carried out by the Creditors; and

Whereas, The said Bondholders' Committee has undertaken to bring about a settlement of said Debt; and Whereas,

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK,
BROWN, SHIPLEY, & COMPANY, OF LONDON,
THE MERCANTILE TRUST AND DEPOSIT COMPANY OF BALTIMORE,
THE PLANTERS' NATIONAL BANK OF RICHMOND,

have been appointed Depositaries in this behalf;

WITNESSETH:

FIRST.—The following gentlemen have consented to act as an Advisory Board for the Creditors in this behalf, to wit:—

GROVER CLEVELAND,
THOMAS F. BAYARD,
EDWARD J. PHELPS,
GEORGE S. COE,
GEORGE G. WILLIAMS.

The duty and function of said Advisory Board is to examine such plans or propositions of adjustment as may be formulated and proposed by the Bondholders' Committee representing the holders of the obligations of Virginia, which shall be submitted to it in accordance with the terms of this Agreement, and to state its approval and recommendation, or the contrary. Its approval and recommendation of any plan shall be unanimous and in writing.

Vacancies in the Advisory Board shall be filled by the remaining members.

SECOND.—The duty and function of said Bondholders' Committee shall be: 1st. To bring about a Deposit of said obligations of Virginia under this Agreement, so far as possible.

2nd. To formulate a plan of settlement, and after same has been approved by the Advisory Board, cause the same to be submitted to the Creditors and Virginia for their acceptance, as herein provided.

3rd. To act as the Agent of the Depositing Creditors in carrying out the purposes of this Agreement.

And power is hereby given to said Committee to contract with any individual,

syndicate, or Corporation in relation hereto, and generally to do and perform any act necessary or proper to accomplish said purposes and add to its number.

The members of the Committee shall not be personally liable in any case for the acts of each other, nor for their own acts, except in case of wilful malfeasance, nor shall they become personally liable for the acts of their agents or employees.

The action of a majority of said Bondholders' Committee shall constitute the action of the whole, and may be expressed by vote or in writing.

Vacancies in the Bondholders' Committee shall be filled by the remaining members.

THIRD.—Either Depositary herein named receiving an deposit hereunder any evidence of said debt shall issue therefor its Certificate of Deposit. The Certificates for Consul and Ten-Foray Consols and Bonds shall be negotiable and uniform in character, and those issued by Depositaries in America shall be engraved in accordance with the requirements of the New York Stock Exchange. The Certificates shall be issued in such form as the Bondholders' Committee shall approve.

FOURTH.—Subject to the restrictions herein mentioned the Bondholders' Committee shall have full power to perform any act necessary or proper to bring about a settlement of the respective claims of the Depositaries against Virginia as represented by the obligations deposited.

Provided, that no settlement can be concluded until it has been previously unanimously approved and recommended by the Advisory Board, and has also been submitted to the Creditors, and accepted as follows, to wit:

1. As soon as a plan of settlement has been approved and recommended by the Advisory Board, the Bondholders' Committee, before proposing such settlement to Virginia, shall advertise for at least twenty days in one or more of the newspapers published in the Cities of London, New York, Baltimore, and Richmond, that a settlement found practicable has been formulated, and notifying parties in interest where copies of such proposed settlement can be obtained in said cities without cost.

Copies of such proposed settlement shall also be furnished by the Bondholders' Committee to the Depositaries for distribution to creditors applying for the same.

2. If, within sixty days after the first publication of said advertisement, Certificate Holders amounting to a majority of the face value of any class of the obligations deposited, notify in writing the Bondholders' Committee, either directly or through any Depositary, of their unwillingness to accept the settlement proposed, then such proposed settlement shall not be consummated as to such class. If the Bondholders' Committee is not so notified, then it shall be assumed that said proposed settlement is satisfactory to and is accepted by a majority of, and is binding upon, all the depositing Creditors of the class accepting, and it shall be forthwith submitted to Virginia to be consummated.

3. If, for any reason, the Bondholders' Committee deems it necessary to submit a modified plan, the right is reserved to it to do so in the manner as above provided.

FIFTH.—After a plan of settlement has become effective (of which fact the declaration in writing of the Bondholders' Committee to the several Depositaries shall be conclusive) each Depositary shall, in such manner as shall be designated by the Bondholders' Committee, surrender to Virginia the obligations of the class accepting as aforesaid deposited with it, and shall receive in satisfaction thereof the Bonds and other securities called for by said settlement which in form shall be satisfactory to the said Committee.

The Bonds and other Securities so received from Virginia shall be immediately delivered by each Depositary to the holders of its Certificates, upon surrender of the same, in accordance with the terms of settlement.

The Bondholders' Committee shall arrange for the purchase or sale of such Fractional Interests as may be necessary to equalise the distribution.

SIXTH.—In full payment of all charges for service or expenses of every character on account of this undertaking, each depositor shall, when he exchanges his Trust Certificate for the new securities, pay to the Depositary, for account of the Bondholders' Committee, three and one-half (3½) per centum in cash of the par value of such new securities obtained from Virginia in settlement.

SEVENTH.—Any Depositary, whenever directed by the Bondholders' Committee, may surrender any obligation deposited under this Agreement to the holder of its corresponding Certificate.

Any obligation may be withdrawn from a Depositary at any time after December 31, 1891, unless the depositing creditors have accepted a proposed settlement, or unless a proposed settlement is pending for their acceptance; PROVIDED the corresponding certificate is surrendered, and PROVIDED also, the holder pays the Depositary, as his share of disbursements in having the debt deposited, a sum, not exceeding one-fourth of one per centum of the par value (exclusive of any forfeited interest) of the obligation so withdrawn.

EIGHTH.—Any obligation shall upon the request of the Certificate Holder, and at his expense, be transferred from one Depositary to another Depositary acting under this Agreement.

NINTH.—Full power is hereby invested in the Bondholders' Committee to perform any act necessary or proper for the surrender by the Depositaries to the State of Virginia of all or any obligation deposited in pursuance of a settlement which has been approved by the Advisory Board and accepted by any class or all of the Creditors as aforesaid.

TENTH.—For the purposes of this Agreement the Debt is considered as divided into four classes.

The classification of the Securities to be deposited is as follows:

FIRST CLASS.—Old Bonds, to include all Securities issued under Acts passed previous to Funding Bill of 1871; Peasers, to include all Securities issued under Act of March 30, 1871, as amended by the Act of March 7, 1872.

SECOND CLASS.—Consols, to include all Securities issued under Act of March 30, 1871, with July, 1890, and subsequent Coupons attached.

THIRD CLASS.—Ten Forays, to include all Securities issued under Act of March 28, 1879, with July, 1890, and subsequent Coupons attached.

FOURTH CLASS.—Tax receivable Coupons prior to July, 1890.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, the Bondholders' Committee have affixed their signatures hereto, duly attested, this 12th day of May, 1890.

FREDERIC P. OLCOPT,

President Central Trust Company, New York.

WILLIAM L. BULL, of Messrs. Edward Sweet & Co., and late President New York Stock Exchange.

HENRY BUDGE, of Messrs. Hallgarten & Co., New York.

CHARLES D. DICKEY, Jun., of Messrs. Brown, Brothers & Co., New York.

HUGH R. GARDEN, President Southern Society of New York.

JOHN GILL, President Mercantile Trust and Deposit Company of Baltimore.

Bondholders' Committee.

ADVISORY BOARD IN THE UNITED STATES.

Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND,

Late President of the United States.

Hon. EDWARD J. PHELPS,

Late United States Minister to Great Britain.

Hon. THOMAS F. BAYARD,

Late United States Secretary of State.

GEORGE S. COE,

President American Exchange National Bank, New York.

GEORGE G. WILLIAMS,

President Chemical National Bank, New York.

ADVISERS IN LONDON.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P.

W. LIDDERDALE, Esq.

JOHN HENRY DANIELL, Esq., C.B.

DEPOSITARIES IN LONDON.

BROWN, SHIPLEY, & COMPANY.

DEPOSITARIES IN UNITED STATES.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

THE MERCANTILE TRUST AND DEPOSIT COMPANY OF BALTIMORE.

THE PLANTERS' NATIONAL BANK OF RICHMOND.

